

WALT DISNEY'S

Mickey Mouse Club Magazine

SUMMER 1956



FESS PARKER AND ANNETTE



a message from mickey

Hi Mouseketeers!

How do you like the picture Minnie took on our vacation last summer? Don't I look relaxed? We sure had a grand time on that trip—just loafed around doing nothing much. But you know, Mouseketeers, after a few days of loafing, we all got tired. What Jimmie Dodd says is true—you've got to work a little and play a little. You can't only work or only play.

I'll bet some of you Mouseketeers are finding that out, now that school's been out for a while. Tired of loafing? Why not try a change? Do something new, something you've always wanted to do.

Suppose you've always wanted to know how to swim. Well, you'll never learn how by sitting on the side watching the other kids have fun in the water. Start to learn (better start with a teacher, though—it's safer that way). And keep at it. Don't quit just because you get water up your nose once or twice.

Or maybe you always thought you might be able to draw. Well, grab a pencil and get busy. And don't give up if that horse doesn't look very horsey first time around. Keep at it.

And remember, for your mom and dad, vacation time is just like any other time. They both still have to do their work every day. So why not try to give them a little vacation, too. Help your mom around the house and give your dad a hand in the yard. You might be surprised when you see how much fun you can have doing nice things for others.

talent roundup

Speaking of vacations, some fortunate boys and girls are going to have a terrific holiday this summer. They're the winners of our big Mickey Mouse Club National Talent Roundup. In major cities all over the United States, talented young people entered the Roundup contest. The best ones in each city appeared in a Junior Spectacular TV show in their own town. Each of these shows was filmed. Then the films were sent here to the studio and we picked the very best performers from each area to come to California, have a tour of Disneyland, and, best of all, to appear as guests on our Mickey Mouse Club TV program.

Watch for the lucky winners. You'll be seeing them on the Mickey Mouse Club TV show this fall.

pictures from a scrap basket

And while we're on the subject of the Talent Roundup—how do you like the roundup horse on the back cover of this magazine? Anne Siberell, one of our artists, made it by pasting pieces of dress material on colored paper. The horse's mane and tail are made of pillow stuffing. You can make pictures like this, using bits of material from your mother's scrap basket. Make a pattern by tracing a drawing from a book, then cutting your tracing into pieces. Pin the pieces to the material, cut out the material, and paste it into place on a big piece of paper. Use pencil or ink for the finishing touches.

That's all for now, Mouseketeers. See you soon.

Your friend,

Mickey Mouse



WALT DISNEY
editor-in-chief

MICKY AND MINNIE MOUSE
honorary editors

JIMMY JOHNSON
managing editor

JOHNNY JACKSON
editor

PAUL HARTLEY
art editor

MARY CAREY
DOROTHY STREBE
assistant editors

ANNE SIBERELL
assistant art editor

WRITERS

Bill Berg, Bobby Burgess,
John and Christine Jackson,
Jack Jungmeyer, George Nagata,
John Ormonde, Frank A. Reilly,
Ted Sears, Charles Shows.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STAFF

Earl Colgrove, Bing Miller,
Louis White, Arthur Dishman,
Don English, Bert Lynch,
Edward Jones.

STAFF ASSISTANTS

Mary Ann Clements, Estu
Haight, Florence Murray.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Hal Adelquist, Carl Buettner,
Bob Callender, Johnny Jackson,
Jimmy Johnson, Carl Naler,
Ken Peterson, Frank A. Reilly,
Bob Sunderland, Card Walker,
Bill Walsh.

THE MICKY MOUSE CLUB MAGAZINE is published quarterly by Western Printing and Lithographing Company, North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York. Printed in U.S.A. Application for entry as second class mail under Act of March 3, 1879 pending at the Post Office at Poughkeepsie, New York. Summer 1956 Volume I, No. 3. © 1956 by Walt Disney Productions. All rights reserved throughout the world. Subscription price \$1.00 for 4 issues, \$1.25 in Canada.

Editorial Offices: Walt Disney Productions, 2400 West Alameda Avenue, Burbank, California. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials.

Subscription orders:

To subscribe, print name and address clearly and send with \$1.00 to the MICKY MOUSE CLUB MAGAZINE, Box 400, New York 46, N.Y.

Changes of address: Please report any change of address to the Mickey Mouse Club Magazine, North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York and to your local Post Office. In reporting a change of address, please report your old address (exactly as it appears on the magazine wrapper), and your new address, giving Post Office zone number if any.

WALT DISNEY'S

Mickey Mouse Club Magazine

VOLUME I

SUMMER, 1956

NUMBER 3

Contents

Space Travel and You.....	John Ormonde	4
A Day in the Life of a Mouseketeer.....		8
The Wheel.....	Bill Berg	10
New Frontiers at Disneyland.....	Bobby Burgess	12
I'm No Fool with Fire.....	Jiminy Cricket	16
The Mystery of Blue Lake Ranch.....	John and Christine Jackson	18
How to Have a Parade.....		28
The Wild Heart.....	Jack Jungmeyer	30
Antarctica: Part II.....	Ted Sears	32
"On Your Toes" Puzzle.....		34
How to Draw Jiminy Cricket.....		35
Animal Autobiographies: The Elephant... ..	Charles Shows	36
Story of the Storytellers: Washington Irving.....	Frank A. Reilly	38
Around the World with Mickey Mouse: Japan.....	George Nagata	40
Mickey's Mailbox.....		42
Mouseketeers in Buckskin.....		43
Mousekatune: Talent Roundup.....		44



Annette Funicello, of Mickey Mouse Club television fame, leaves the Mouseketeer sound stage between scenes for a visit with Fess Parker, star of the new Disney picture, WESTWARD HO THE WAGONS! The fine color shot appearing on the cover of this issue, in which Fess is showing the dainty Mouseketeer how to talk in Indian sign language, was taken by Disney photographer Edward Jones. For a picture story on a day with Annette at the studio, turn to page 8 of this issue.

SPACE TRAVEL





AND YOU

by John Ormonde

You, the young citizen of 1956, someday may fly a rocket ship to the unknown region of outer space.

Twenty, or even fifteen years from now, you may be called upon to take the controls of an atomic-powered rocket craft and fly it at 20,000 miles an hour on a ten-day voyage from a station in space to the moon and back.

Only a dream, you say? Maybe. Yet scientists tell us that such a dream can come true, perhaps sooner than we expect. So...let's suppose that today's dream has become tomorrow's reality. And at long last, the first trip to the moon is about to be launched—and *you* are the pilot!

The year is 1976. The location is a space station, circling 1,000 miles above earth. You have been brought to this station a few days earlier in Rocket Ship XR-1 dispatched from the main rocket base on earth. You, the pilot, and three other crewmen—navigator, radioman and engineer—now are aboard a 53-foot space ship drifting in space alongside the station. You are tensely awaiting the time of departure for the trip to the moon.

You pick up your hand microphone in the ship's cockpit and call the space station.

"Captain to space station. Automatic firing timer is engaged. We will depart in exactly 60 seconds."

"Roger, Moonship. Good luck. Over and out."

Looking down, you check your instrument panel, then tell the crew briefly to stand by. The seconds tick off to zero and you brace yourself for the blast-off.

A mighty roar comes from the rocket motor. The sleek, powerful craft thrusts eagerly forward at ever-increasing speed. The ship curves upward, slicing through vast, empty space. After ten minutes the rocket motor automatically cuts off, and the ship begins its long coasting ellipse around the moon.

You breathe a sigh of relief. The firing period is always a time of anxiety. But already you have left the space station far behind and the ship has attained the tremendous speed of 22,100 mph.

"Let's get a check on our position with a radar and optical fix," you tell the navigator.

He punches buttons on his navigation panel. On a television screen he fixes the positions of the moon and some of the more important stars in our galaxy.

"We're on course, captain," he reports.

Minutes change to hours as the space ship hurtles ahead, and



The earth disappears behind the moon's surface.

in the days that follow, life aboard the ship becomes almost static. Since the earth's gravity is balanced by the ship's tremendous speed, you and the other crewmen are experiencing the feeling of weightlessness. Moving about is quite a problem, so most of the time you remain in your seat.

Even eating is a novel experience. When you let go of your food, it floats away from you instead of falling to the floor of the ship. So you have to hold your food tightly.

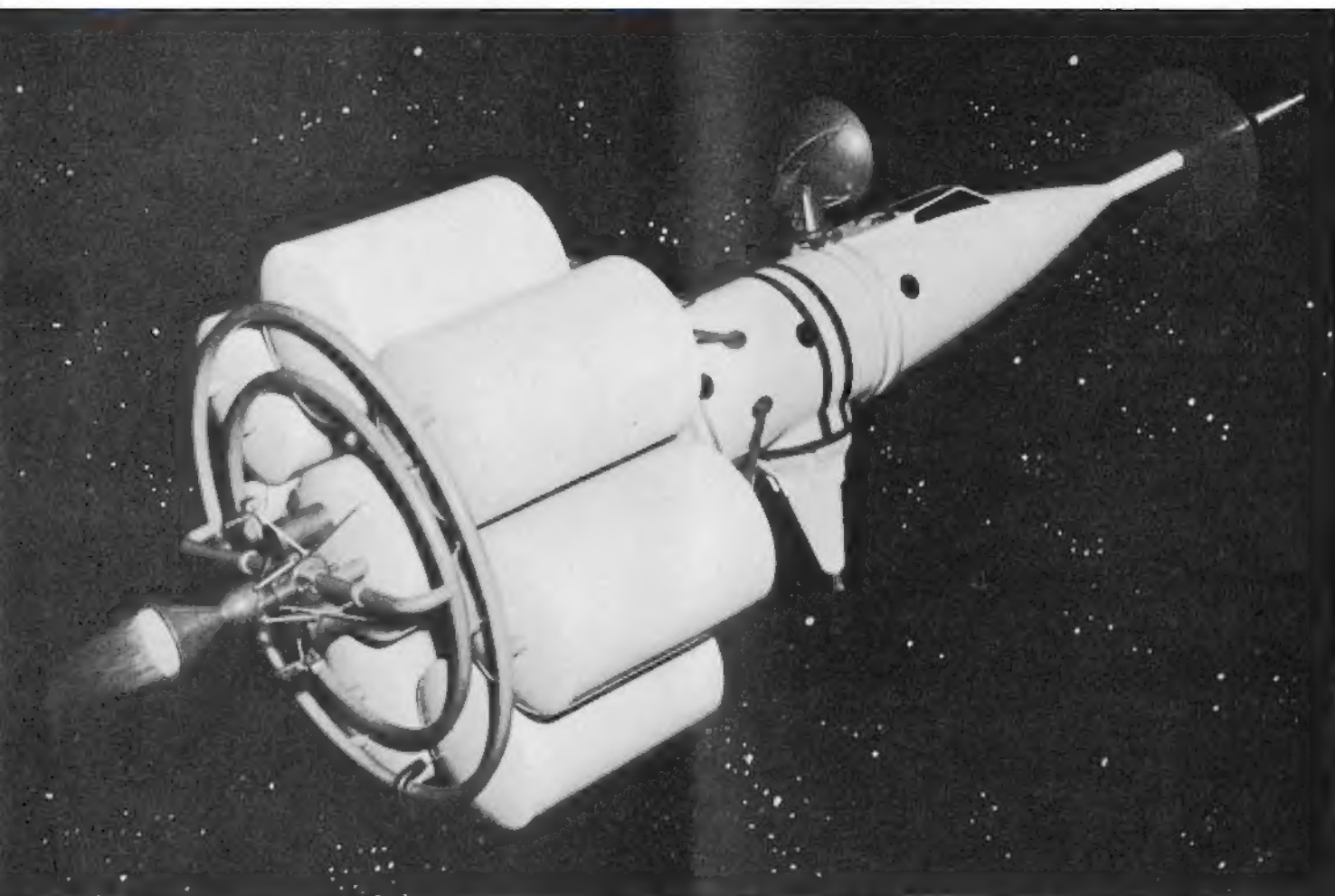
On the fourth day of this history-making flight you get your first close-up view of the moon. Its surface is covered with craters that look like giant pock-marks.

"Captain, we are approaching the moon on ellipse 29," the navigator announces. "Course indicates collision with the moon at 120 hours, 56 minutes."

Exactly on the 116th hour of the trip the navigator corrects the ship's course by firing the motor for a precise number of seconds. The craft changes course and will now skim across the moon some 50 miles above the surface. The plan is to continue around the moon, observing the side that man has never seen.

The moon is sweeping past the ship at terrific speed. In the brief span of three hours the unknown surface of the moon's far side will pass by. All observations aboard the space ship must be made within this time. The crewmen, aware of the awesome fact that they will now be out of touch with their fellow man during this period, are tense and excited.

"We are now seeing the earth disappear behind the moon's rim," the radioman notifies the space station. "This will be our last radio message until we emerge on the other side of the moon."



The space ship corrects its course as it approaches the moon's surface by firing the motor for a precise number of seconds.



The last contact is made before entering the moon's shadow.



On the fifth day the ship leaves the dark side of the moon.

You observe that the unknown surface of the moon—facing away from the earth—is similar in terrain and contour to that facing the earth.

Now at the halfway point of the journey, the space ship plunges into the pitch-blackness of the moon's shadow.

"Fire your flares at three-minute intervals," you order the engineer, "and prepare for photo-reconnaissance."

As the flares are fired, the darkness is lit up like daylight. Observations are made as long as possible.

Soon the ship emerges from the darkened side of the moon. You are now well into the fifth day, and you are on your way back. The crew once more settles down to "sit out" the five days required for the return to the space station.

On the tenth day, however, everyone becomes excited. The irresistible power of the earth's gravity is reaching out to the space ship and is pulling it back toward the earth at a tremendous speed.

"Start the gyro attitude controls and prepare for the braking maneuver," you tell the navigator, "and give me a time set for firing."

The navigator pushes switches on his panel. The ship tilts clock-wise and revolves until it is pointed in the opposite direction. This is to slow down the ship's speed and jettison seven of the now-empty fuel tanks.

Tensely you fasten your seat harness and put on your protective helmet. As the timing needle indicates the zero mark you fire the motor and release the tanks.

The craft moves more and more slowly now toward the space station and as it arrives alongside, the motor shuts off automatically, and the ship is secured in its mooring.

As you leave your ship and descend into the space station, you experience a feeling of elation and tremendous satisfaction. The dream of the past is now a reality, you have just piloted the first space ship to the moon—and back!

Slowly the ship moves toward the space station mooring.



a day in the life of a **MOUSEKETEER**

Annette Funicello of Mickey Mouse Club fame has a happy, busy time of it at the Walt Disney Studio.



After entering the studio lot, Annette Funicello, one of the bright lights of the Mickey Mouse Club TV Show, walks down Dopey Drive—named in honor of Snow White's favorite dwarf—to one of the studio's little red schoolhouses. These are handsome, modern trailers in which the Mouseketeers go to school. With eight pupils to each class, Annette's classmates this past term were Darlene, Doreen, Bobby, Lonnie, Tommy, Karen and Cubby.

When school (three hours each morning) is over, Annette goes to the ladies' wardrobe department to get into her costume under the watchful eye of Gertie Casey. Then she reports to Uncle Dave, the make-up man, and to Lois, the hairdresser, finally arriving on the Mouseketeer sound stage ready for action.

After lunch at the commissary, before it's time to return to the stage, Annette and the other Mouseketeers do cartwheels on the lawn, play baseball or other games, or slip into the studio theater to see one of their new Mickey Mouse Club TV films being checked on the screen.

Then it's back to rehearsals and shooting. Doing skits or musical numbers is always exciting, but to Annette the dancing is best of all.



Annette is checked in bright and early at the gate by Officer Bob von Ravensberg.



Before going on the TV sound stage Annette checks in to "Uncle Dave" Newell, the make-up man who gets her ready for the TV cameras.



In the ladies' wardrobe department, supervisor Gertie Casey checks to make sure Annette's new Mouseketeer jacket is neatly pressed and fits just right. Gertie's special pets are, guess who, the Mouseketeers.



Before a new scene begins, our Mouseketeer is given that all-important final touch by hairdresser Lois Murray.



Annette attends school on the studio lot on days when Mickey Mouse Club filming is scheduled. Here she is met by her teacher, Mrs. Irene Burke, at the step of one of the little red schoolhouses, fine new trailers parked near the sound stages. An A student, Annette will be in the B9's this fall.



Annette loves to visit with Jimmie Dodd between scenes and hear a new song he has written for the show.



Lunch at the studio commissary is always fun. Here is a place in the line Annette can't resist: desserts!



Annette stops just outside the door of the commissary to select a book from the rack of Disney favorites.

THE WHEEL

Early man did most of his travelling on foot. This was very healthy, but slow, tedious—and *very* hard on the feet! As time went on, man found that he could move heavy burdens by rolling them along on logs. This led to one of man's greatest discoveries—the *wheel*!

No one knows exactly when the first wheel was invented. We do know that the Egyptians used wheels way back in 2000 B.C.

The first wheel was probably a rough disk cut from a log by some ancient man. This simple idea was a stroke of genius, for it led to a whole new way of transportation. Man began to roll! With the development of the wheel came the development of the wheelwright.

The word "wheelwright" is made up of two words—wheel and wright. You all know what a wheel is. And wright? Well, a wright is a skillful workman. In the old days there were all kinds of wrights. Housewrights built houses; millwrights ran mills; and, of course, wheelwrights made wheels.

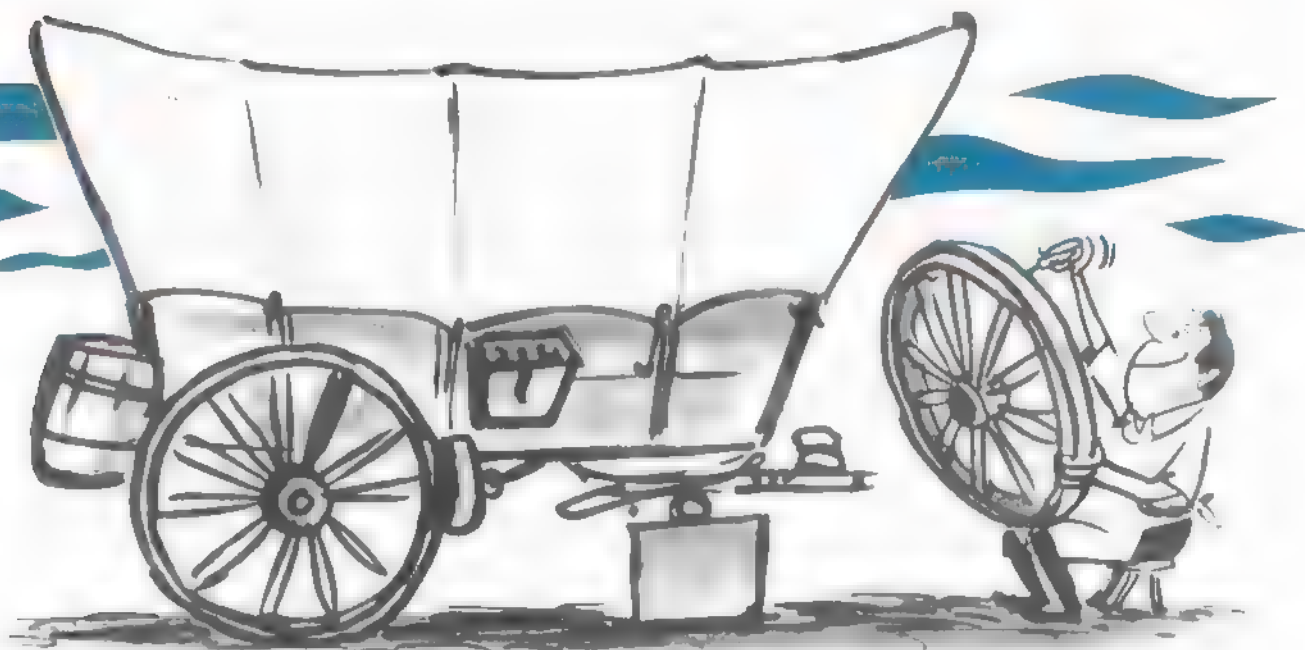
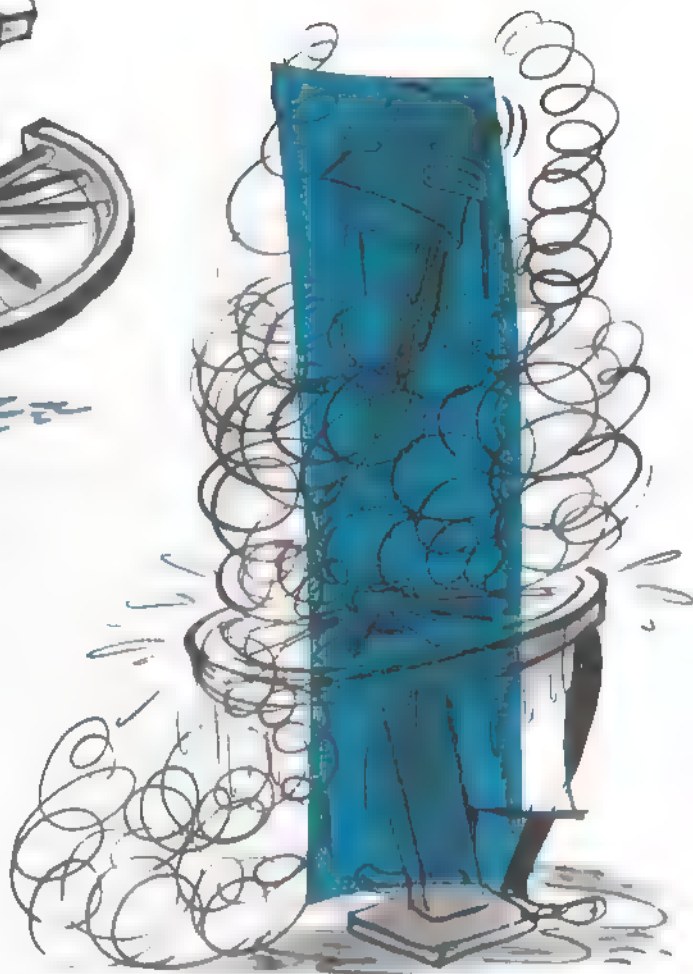
As the years passed, wheels became more and more important, and so did the wheelwright. During the nineteenth century he was *really* busy making wheels for all types of carriages and wagons.

written and illustrated by Bill Berg



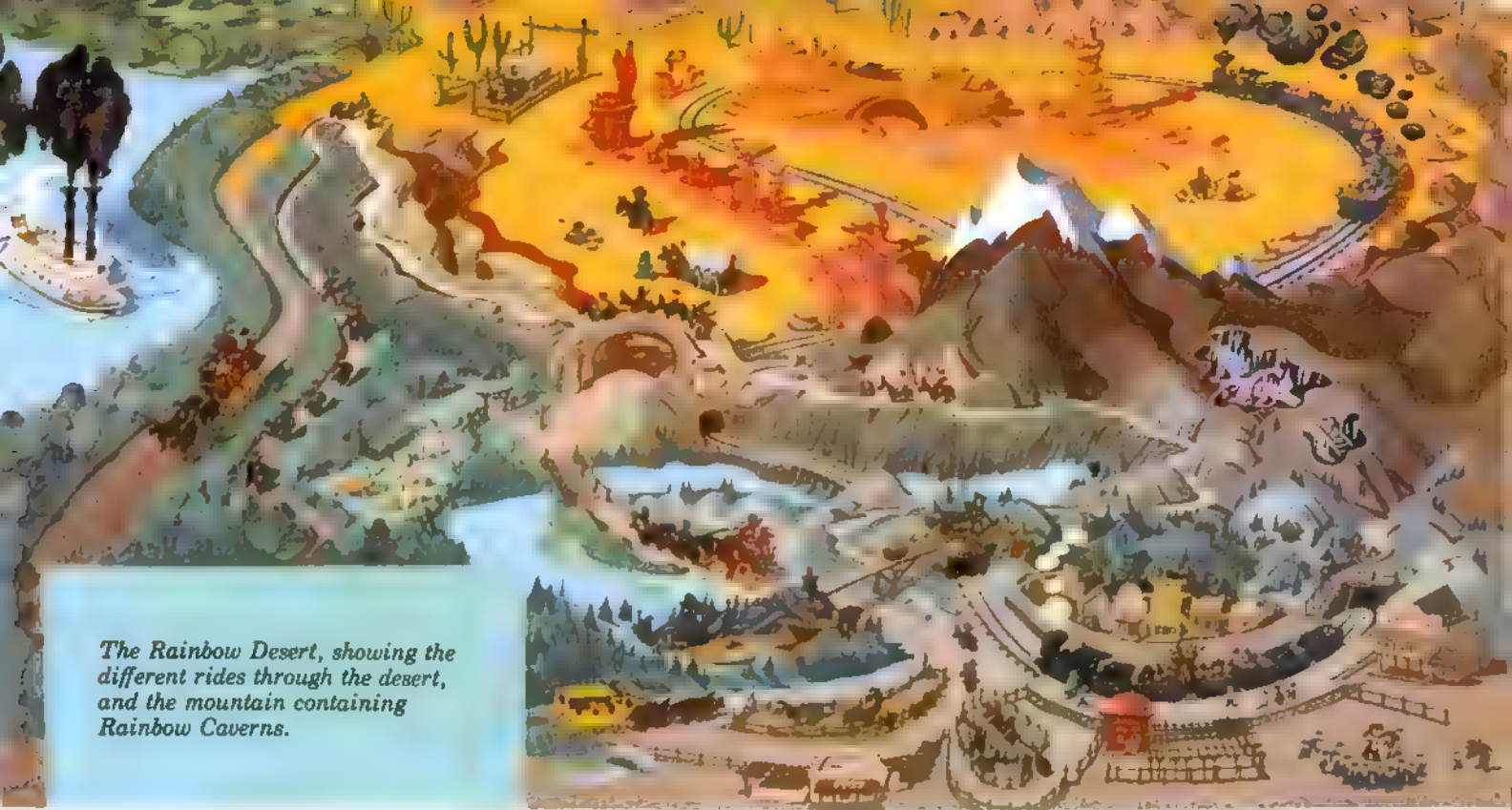


The wheelwright used the finest wood to make a wheel, for it had to withstand the punishment of all types of roads. The hub or center of the wheel was made of strong wood like hickory or elm. Into this hub were fastened the spokes, and then the rim was added in sections called "felloes." Next came the iron tire. The word "tire" comes from "attire," which means dress or covering. A tire is a covering for a wheel. The iron tire was first expanded through heating over a very hot fire, then placed around the wheel and sprayed with water to make it contract and fit tight to the wheel.



The wheelwright of the horse and buggy days is almost extinct. But for the authentic old carriages and wagons at Disneyland, the wheels were made right by the same methods the wheelwright used years ago.

Throughout history, the wheelwright has constantly improved the wheel. This is great, because without the wheel, not only easy transportation, but all our fine modern machines would be impossible.



The Rainbow Desert, showing the different rides through the desert, and the mountain containing Rainbow Caverns.

New Frontiers at **DISNEYLAND**

by Bobby Burgess

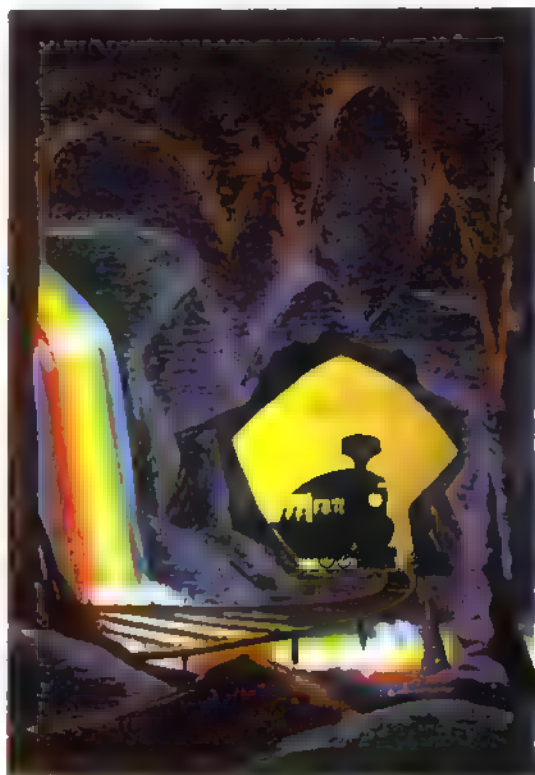
One of the Mouseketeers tries out the new rides at the Magic Kingdom



It's nice to live in Los Angeles. You get to go to Disneyland! I've been there quite a few times since the Park opened last summer. Lately, the people at the studio in Burbank have been talking about how a lot of new rides have been put into Disneyland because it's the first birthday for the Park, and it's the first time it will be open for a whole summer. This I had to see! I got hold of a couple of fellows I know and we went down there early one Saturday morning.

First, we headed straight for Frontierland. I wanted to ride the new mine train. So we stopped at the Rainbow Mining & Exploration Company, in a little mining town built right against a mountain called Rainbow Mountain. There's an old-fashioned, scale-size steam locomotive that pulls a string of regular little mine cars. We rode the mine cars through a tunnel and out across Rainbow Desert. We could see all kinds of crazy rock formations in the desert, like Coyote Rock and Inscription Rock and the Balancing Rocks. When we went by the Balancing Rocks the engineer of the locomotive blew his whistle and the rocks jiggled around from the sound.

And then the train went into a pitch-black tunnel right in the side of Rainbow Mountain, and there we were in the Rainbow Caverns. At first we couldn't see a thing, it was so dark. We came to a place where it was half-light, and you could see the walls of the cave with a lot of creepy looking rocks there. Then we got to the waterfalls which were many different colors. And they glowed in the dark. There was Bridal Veil Falls that looked just



The picture above is the mine train that took us through the Rainbow Caverns. At the top of the page to the right is a picture of the Huck Finn Raft we rode to Tom Sawyer Island, and underneath that is a drawing of the Island and the river, with its boats.

like a bride's veil, only golden. And Red Devil Falls was red, natch, and like a devil. The scariest was something called the Witch's Cauldron. This had red water falling down over the rocks in the form of an old witch. The water dropped into a big pot-type thing and then bubbled out. There was a falls called Dance of the Seven Sisters. It looked like seven women and when you watched them, they seemed to dance.

There were lots more falls, and some geysers, too. All of a sudden the train went round a bend in the cave, and we were back out in the sunshine, at the mining town.

The fellows I was with got the Stage Coach then. They wanted a second look at that Rainbow Desert. And I took the Mule Pack Ride to see the 20,000 year old dinosaur tracks near the trail.

We all met over near the Chicken Plantation, where we could get a Huck Finn Raft to Tom Sawyer Island. Every other time I've been to Disneyland no one could get on the Island, but now you can cross over on the rafts. Matter of fact, the river is pretty busy, what with the Mark Twain making its regular trip, the Indian War Canoes, the Mike Fink Keelboats, and the rafts.

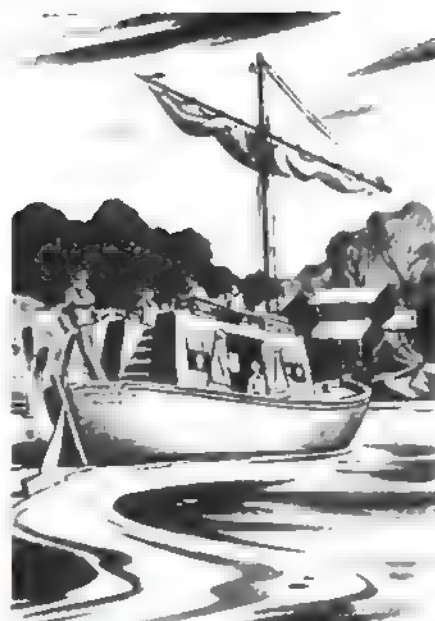


On the Island, we went through Fort Wilderness first. That's a real log fort with a sort of catwalk on top of the inside walls. You can look out from it and see an Indian camp. And there are elk and deer and moose and cougar in the brush. At one end of the Island there's a settler's cabin that's burning like crazy. A guide told us it was the settler's own fault. He had double-crossed the Indians, so they burned his cabin.

Down near Lookout Mountain, across a suspension bridge that sways when you walk on it, is Injun Joe's Cave. It looks just as you'd imagine it from reading *Tom Sawyer*—with stalactites (those are the things that hang down from the roofs of caves) and stalagmites (they grow up from the floors of caves) and a bottomless pit. When you come near the bottomless pit, you feel cold air blowing you from out of the pit.



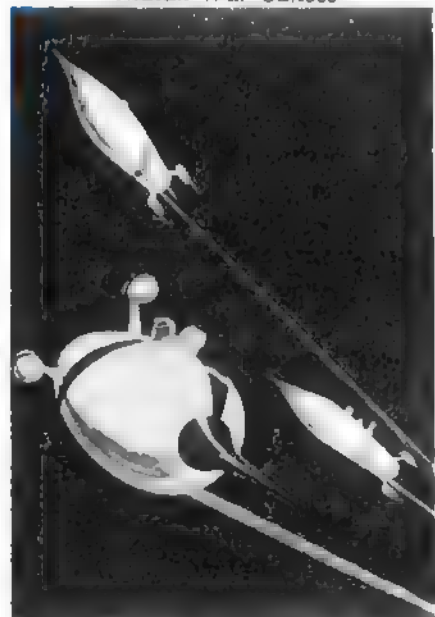
At the entrance to Storybookland, the canal boats drift right into a tunnel built like Monstro the Whale.



Mike Fink Keelboats



Indian War Canoes



The Astrojet

After we finished seeing the cave, we went fishing in the river.

Back on the mainland, we took a canal boat to ride through Storybookland. Our boat sailed right down Monstro's throat—he's the whale who swallowed Pinocchio. Of course, it really went into a tunnel that just looked like Monstro. On the other side of the tunnel was Pinocchio's village. And an island with the Three Little Pigs' houses. There was a little Alice's Wonderland, Toad Hall and Ratty's house. And we saw Snow White's cottage and Cinderella's castle, too, all in miniature.

We went from Fantasyland to Tomorrowland on the new Skyway. This has round, aluminum cars hanging from an overhead cable. We sat in the cars and zoomed up 30 or 40 feet over the ground, and got a great view of the Park.

The Astrojet in Tomorrowland is terrific! It has streamlined cars attached to long steel beams that come out of a central Radar tower. The tower turns and the cars fly around. And each car has controls so you can make it go up or down—like flying a real jet ship!

It was time to go home then, but I'm going back again soon!



Above is Pinocchio's village in Storybookland. Below is the Skyway that runs from Fantasyland to Tomorrowland.



Jiminy Cricket says:

I'M NO FOOL WITH



Fire is a strange and wonderful thing. It can be your best friend or your worst enemy. To make fire your friend, you have to be your own fireman. One of the best ways to fight a fire is not to have one. Only fools play with matches, and you're no fool. Now let's look at some other ways not to have a fire.

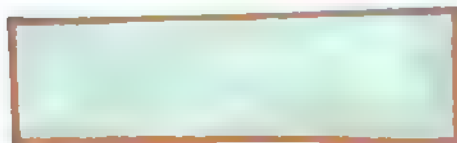


Campfires in the woods are fun, but don't start them near trees and brush. Only fools leave them burning. Make sure you put yours out with plenty of dirt and water.

illustrated by **PAUL HARTLEY**



Fires in homes are usually the result of plain carelessness. Old papers and rags jammed into closets and drawers can cause spontaneous combustion—that means fire without matches. Make sure you keep your attic, closets and garage clean and safe.



Only fools store inflammable liquids—those that can burn—in breakable glass containers. Keep them in metal containers—and a long, long way from any kind of heat.



Now just in case there is a fire, make sure you have the number of your fire department real handy. To save time, why not put it in the frame above the telephone on this page right now, and post it by your own telephone.

These illustrations are from the Walt Disney film *I'M NO FOOL WITH FIRE*. This 8-minute, animated, Technicolor film may be rented if your school, Scout troop, or any other organization you belong to wants to show it. Write 16mm Division, Disney Studio, Burbank, California.

the mystery of Blue Lake Ranch

by John and Christine Jackson

As he drove up to the railroad station with his parents, 14-year-old Bobby Ellington could see that already a considerable number of people were waiting for the train. Some were smiling, some serious, and a few of the youngest looked as if they were ready to give way to tears. Scattered about were all sorts of items of travel—suitcases, cardboard boxes, canvas-covered bedrolls, cameras, books, coats, sweaters and jackets, and even a neatly-tied bundle of old comic books.

All were waiting at the station at Glendale, California, for the Daylight Limited, a famous orange and black streamliner whose destination would be San Francisco. Most of those who would take the train were boys, ages 8 to 15, who were leaving for six weeks at Valley Oaks Ranch, a summer camp in northern California.

In charge of the camp boys and their gear was an attractive, dark-haired young man in gray slacks and blue slip-over sweater. This was Mel Blanchard, who worked summers for Mr. Vincent Owen, owner of Valley Oaks Ranch, or V-Bar-O Ranch as it was also called. Mel had been hired to act as supervising counselor for the camp. While Mr. Owen and his 18-year-old son Tom were making things ready at the ranch, Mel was assigned the task of taking the boys by train to San Francisco. There they would be met and driven 120 miles further north to the ranch.

Suddenly there was a shout of "Here she comes!"

Down the track the sound of the approaching streamliner could be heard.

Its roar grew louder and then the huge locomotive swept in, followed by its gleaming string of orange-colored cars.

There were good-byes and a jam-up at the door of their car as boys and baggage got aboard. Then the train began to move.

It did not take the boys long to get acquainted. Comic books were exchanged, and talk and light-hearted horseplay occupied the travelers. The "old boys," as those who had been to camp before were called, were boastfully telling the new boys about the ranch and the horses, the evening campfire programs, and the swimming each day in beautiful Blue Lake a few miles from the ranch.

Mel, the head counselor, sat down in an empty seat beside a dark-haired fourteen-year-old.

"Hello," he said. "What's your name?"

"Bobby Ellington," the boy replied with a smile. "You had quite a time getting us all settled, didn't you?"

Mel laughed. "Oh, that's to be expected," he said.

Soon two heads swung around from the seat ahead.

"What a train," said one.

"It's real crazy!" exclaimed the other.

"What a deal to ride to camp this way—simply d-e-e-luxe, I call it!"

These two were Jimmy Pike, a short, blue-eyed boy who had trouble seeing over the back of the seat, and Roger Farnsworth, taller and quieter, to whom Bobby had taken an instant liking. In the seats behind Bobby and the counselor were Tony "Snowshoes" Winter and Ted Wilson. These five boys—Bobby, Jimmy, Snowshoes, Rodger and Ted—with Mel as their

counselor, were to occupy Rocking A bunkhouse together at the ranch.

Now the boys heard the latest news about the camp—that Mr. Owen's 9-year-old daughter Linda had made a pet of a fawn she found in the woods and called it, of all things, "Dearie"; that there were two wonderful new horses, Ginger and Chief, added to the string; and that the baseball diamond, last year a field of stubble, had been cleared and a new backstop installed.

Presently Frank O'Connor, the counselor in charge of food for the trip, paused beside Mel.

"I think it's about time for chow," he said.

"Fine," agreed Mel, the boys chiming in with enthusiasm. Then he and the other counselors set to work passing out sandwiches, muffins, cupcakes, fruit and milk. It had been planned that the boys would eat at eleven—this meal—and again at four in the afternoon.

"We'll reach San Francisco at six," Mel told the boys. "Then we go on to V-Bar-O in trucks. If everything goes all right we'll be sitting down to a hot meal in the camp dining hall around ten o'clock tonight."

Late that afternoon, Mel sat down to write out what he called his "cast of characters." The boys gathered around him.

"What do you mean—cast of characters?" questioned Snowshoes, who had gained his nickname at camp the year before because of his last name of Winter and because—boys at camp never being ones to spare feelings—he had unusually large feet.

"Well," said Mel, "whenever I get into a situation where there are new people, I like to list them and get them

straight in my mind. Here, let's work it out together.

"Let's start at the top," he said, starting to write down names. "First there's Mr. Owen. He's the freshman football coach at the university, but he's always felt he should be a farmer. His father was a farmer and he always dreamed of having a farm or a ranch of his own. But he had been a football star and he got into coaching and teaching physical education. One summer he and Mrs. Owen went to northern California on an automobile trip and discovered Valley Oaks Ranch. It was for sale and even though it was run down they just had to have it.

"Interesting thing—and maybe this cinched it for them: there was the name and then the cattle brand—V-Bar-O—and Mr. Owen's name was Vincent Owen. V. O. for Vincent Owen and for Valley Oaks Ranch. Anyway, they made a deal.

"But Mr. Owen had his job and had to go back to the university in the fall. The Owens got two hired men to run the ranch, but came back for Christmas vacation, the time between semesters, and for Easter vacation. As soon as school was out each summer they'd take off. At first they would bring several boys—friends of the family—and the next year others would want to come. That's how they got started in the boys' camp business. It just grew."

While Mel was talking, more of the boys—there were thirty of them on the train—gathered in the aisle and leaned on the seats, eager to hear more about the ranch and its people.

"So there's Mr. Owen—the boys call him 'Mr. Vince'—and Mrs. Owen. Then they have two children, little Linda and her older brother Tom who is great with horses and handles the stock in summer."

"What about the counselors?" put in John Henry Houston, a small boy with an ability to get into comic situations.

"Six of us are here on the train." Mel rattled off their names. "And two are already up at camp with the Owens getting it ship-shape. Russ Hanley—he's the woodcraft expert—is one. The other is Jack Julian—and you'll not forget him!"

"Gosh, no," spoke up Billy Halliday, one of the old boys who was going to V-Bar-O for the third summer. "He's the one who inspects the bunkhouses every morning, and if you haven't straightened up everything you get yard duty."

"Yard duty! What's that?" asked a new boy.

"Just that. While the rest of us go swimming or hiking or riding and stuff, you stay at the ranch and clean up the yard."

"You can get yard duty for all sorts

of things," said another old boy. "I got it for snitching crackers and cheese from the kitchen one day during siesta."

"Siesta? You mean we have to rest? What do they think we are, little kids?" This from a red-head named Pinky.

"Now, Pinky," said Mel, "it really isn't so bad. And a lot of the boys use that time to write those required letters home.

"And now," he said, "I think we'd all better get our things together. We'll soon be in."

When the train finally rolled to a stop in the station, there was Mr. Owen—a big man with steel gray eyes and a friendly smile. His face was one of great character and he was really very serious, in spite of his smile. Now he had the responsibility of taking these young people to the ranch and caring for them for the six weeks period of the camp. But he knew it was all worth it when the old boys of last year and the years before yelled "Hi, Mr. Vince!" as they jumped from the train and ran to him to shake his hand, pluck at his sleeve and put arms around him, as they all talked and shouted at once. Any of the new boys who might have had misgivings about the camp were reassured now, for here was a "man's man" and one who loved these youngsters almost as if they were his own.

Soon the two V-Bar-O trucks, each with a tarpaulin cover attached to the sideboards to make a roof, pulled out, led by the ranch station wagon. Bobby and the others, seated on their bedrolls, looked out at the big city and the bay as they crossed on the Golden Gate Bridge.

Two hours later, the caravan stopped at a service station for gas. The attendant was a dark, small man, with a slight limp. Bobby, watching him fill the tanks of the station wagon and the first truck, felt some instinctive dislike for the man. He studied his face but gave it up, turning to join his companions.

A short time later they turned off the main highway and began to climb into the mountains. As they went up a grade toward Summit Pass, the motor of the last truck—Bobby's truck—began to cough and gasp. Then, with a few jerks, the truck stopped.

"Out of gas!" exclaimed Mr. Vince. "How could that happen?"

By blinking their lights they got the station wagon ahead to come back, and Mr. Vince told the driver to go on to the ranch and bring back gas. After that there was nothing to do but wait.

"Did anyone watch that gas station man fill this tank?" Mr. Vince asked the boys.

No one had. Bobby, thinking back, remembered he had noticed the man and had had an instant distrust of him. He remembered, too, that he had watched him fill the station wagon tank

and that of the first truck, but had then turned away. And that, he recalled, was when Mr. Vince had started to fix the tarpaulin that had torn on the first truck. It would have been very easy for the man to run in a few gallons—maybe only one gallon—and charge for the full tank. All this Bobby told to Mr. Vince.

Most of the boys got back in the truck to keep warm. But Bobby stood for a moment in the darkness at the road's edge. Overhead the stars, cold and clear, looked down, mysterious worlds away.

"Rather wonderful, isn't it?" said Mel, joining him and looking out across the silent, darkened land. After a time Rodger and Mr. Vince came over and the four found seats on the rocks and boulders.

"Mel," said Mr. Vince after a moment's silence. "Maybe this is a good time to tell you about the progress on Blue Lake Ranch. It's all right for Bobby and Rodger here to hear this, but let's not say anything to the other boys yet.

"They had the land auction at Blairstown Thursday and my bid on Blue Lake Ranch was the highest one. So we're going to have it—400 acres of wooded land just three miles from V-Bar-O."

He pulled a flashlight from his hip-pocket and with a stick drew a rough map in the soft dirt.

"On this west shore of the lake," he said, "is the old Clayton mansion—built in 1883 by Colonel and Mrs. Clayton. Clara Clayton was a sort of preacher-doctor of her day and she and the Colonel ran a rest home at the ranch. People came there from all over the country. But after the Colonel died, Clara lost her fire, and she died, too. That was back in 1908. They closed the place up and everybody left except a caretaker.

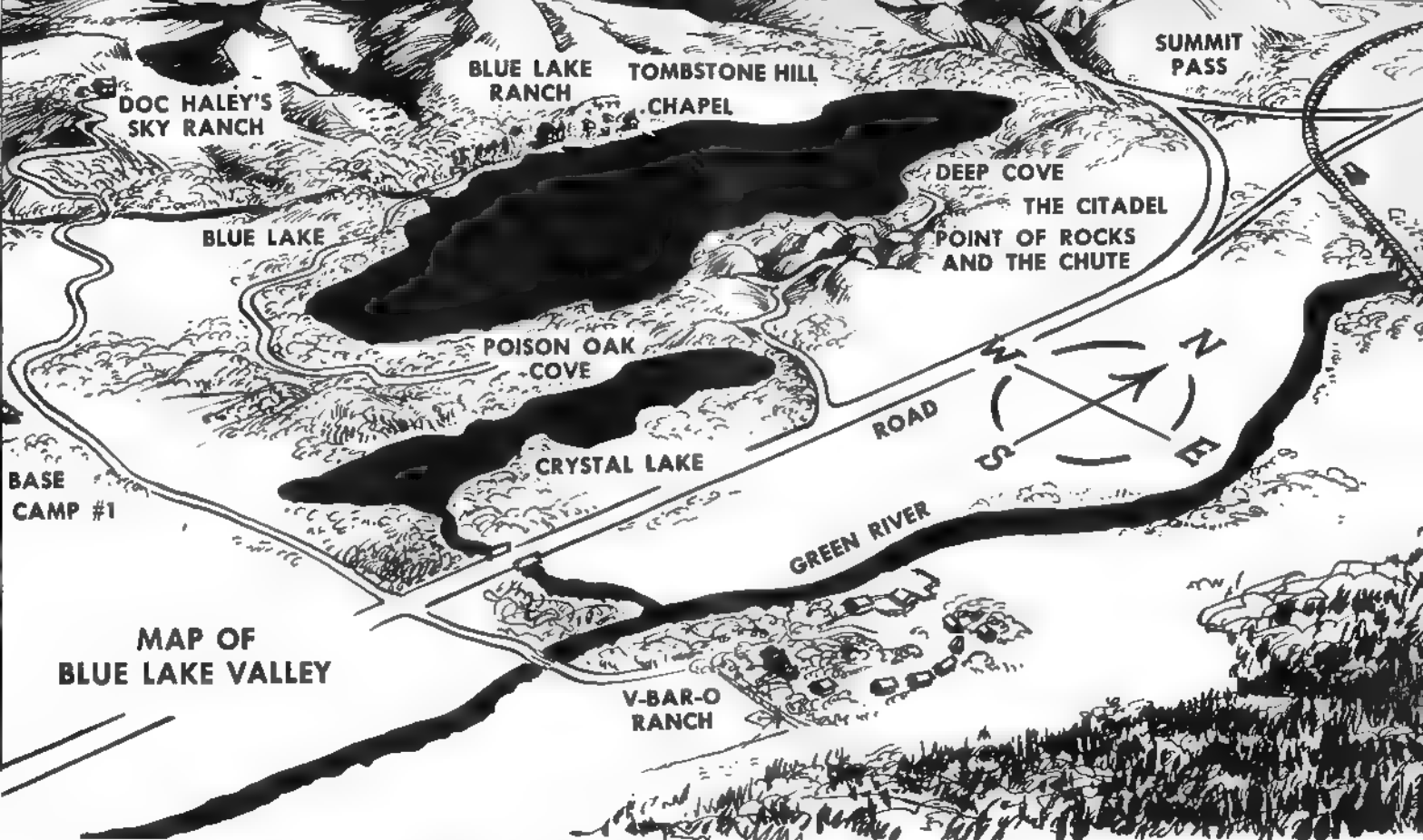
"And now we've bought the place. They say the house is full of all sorts of treasures—fine furniture, grand piano, chinaware and heaven only knows what all. There's a dormitory where the caretaker lives, and several little chapels with cottages around them at different places along the lake. There's even a graveyard on a little hill—Clara's there, and so is the Colonel.

"What I've been thinking, Mel, is that you and I should go over to the mansion and look things over. Then we might set up sort of a second camp. We could divide the boys into two groups and give each group a week at the new place."

High in the pass above them a pair of headlights appeared.

"At last," said Mr. Vince. "Sure took them a long time!"

Another sound came to them—another car was coming up the grade



behind them. Both cars arrived alongside the stalled truck at the same time, and Bobby, watching, saw that the strange car, caught in the headlights of the V-Bar-O station wagon, was a dark sedan, mud-spattered and with a long crease along the front fender.

The car did not stop but Bobby saw a dark, sinister face peering out. The man seemed to recognize the truck and turned quickly away. In another instant the car was gone.

"Mr. Vince," cried Bobby excitedly. "That was the man at the gas station—the one who cheated us!"

"Whatever could he be doing out here?" asked Mr. Vince.

A few minutes later the truck and the "rescue car," as the boys called the station wagon, were under way, and forty minutes after that the boys were eating hot soup in the dimly-lighted dining-hall at V-Bar-O. The word was passed around that everyone could sleep late next morning. The big clock, ticking comfortingly over the kitchen door, revealed the time: one-thirty in the morning!

It was eight o'clock when Bobby awoke. He dressed and slipped out without disturbing his bunkmates. He crossed the yard, filled with apple trees, and stood at the edge of the baseball field, looking out at a beautiful scene of fields and trees, hills and mountains. A small sound—the scuffle of shoe against stone—made him turn.

"Hi," said the small girl with long blonde curls who stood before him. "Isn't this a lovely morning?"

"It's beautiful," he agreed. "You

must be Mr. Owen's daughter."

"That's right," she said with a smile.

"I'm Linda. Who are you?"

"Bobby," he answered. "Bobby Ellington. I'm new at the camp."

They talked about the ranch and each other, and Bobby knew that they would be good friends, even though she was nine and he was almost fifteen. Behind them the camp was stirring and the breakfast gong was struck.

"Come on," said Linda. "You won't want to be late for this!"

After breakfast Mr. Vince called a meeting and explained the camp routine which they would actually start the next day. First there was flag-raising, twenty minutes after the "wake up" gong. Then breakfast, bunkhouse clean-up and inspection, then a choice of things to do—swimming at Blue Lake, boating, fishing, hiking, riding, crafts, and even photography, with a dark room available.

"After lunch and siesta," said Mr. Vince, "we again choose our activities. After dinner it's still light so we often have a ball game. Then we have a campfire program."

Because of the late start, the morning swim was skipped, but Bobby saw to it that he was on the afternoon list. After leaving the ranch, the truck, filled with boys, crossed a small ridge, passing through a cut known as The Chute, and then the wide expanse of beautiful Blue Lake lay below them. Searching the far shore, Bobby could see the stately slate gray Clayton mansion, silent and deserted. Then the truck dropped down to a beautiful sandy beach ringed by trees, one of the finest

swimming places imaginable.

Another day Bobby, Rodger, Jimmy and Snowshoes went on a horseback ride. Mel went with them and when they came to a small clearing he told them about Doc Haley.

"That little shack at the edge of the trees," he said. "Doc Haley calls his 'Base Camp Number One.' Doc is a professor who comes up to our valley each summer. That's his cabin up there by that little waterfall."

He pointed to a small cabin high above them on the mountainside.

"Doc and his wife built the cabin themselves. But they had to pack everything up the trail. Mr. Vince loaned them a burro they renamed Comet—Haley's Comet! That burro packed up everything—even the Doc's library—from the Base Camp here."

"Ought to have a doctor's degree himself!" quipped Snowshoes.

When they returned to the ranch, Bobby was surprised to see Linda holding a mirror which she seemed to be tilting up and down.

"What in the world are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm talking to Doc Haley," she said, watching his face to enjoy his confused look. "Want to say 'Hi' to him?"

"Doc Haley? How—"

"Look," she broke in, pointing to the Haley cabin.

Bobby looked. From the Haley place there came a series of flashes of light, some long, some short. Linda moved her mirror, catching the sun and sending similar flashes.

"I've just told him you're here and that you say hello," she told Bobby.

"It's the Morse code, you know."

"The Morse code! How do you know the Morse code?"

"Oh, that's easy," she said. "Doc Haley taught it to me last year. He used to be in the Navy. See here: for S.O.S.—that's 'Save our souls'—you make three dots with short flashes, then three long ones, and three short ones again. Oops! I goofed—shouldn't have done that. Now Doc Haley's asking what goes on here."

When Bobby asked Linda if they might visit Doc Haley some time she flashed her signals and they soon had an invitation.

"It's all set," she told Bobby with a smile. "I told him we might bring a couple of others if he and Mrs. Haley didn't mind."

Later that afternoon they hiked to the Haley cabin which was called Sky Ranch. Doc Haley, a dignified gray-haired gentleman with a twinkle in his eye, was waiting for them. Mrs. Haley came out and Linda made the introductions. Then they were shown through the delightful little summer retreat made of small pine logs. One of the three rooms was the professor's library, to Bobby a real delight, with fireplace and picture window and the walls lined with books. Finally they all sat out on the little lawn, and the talk swung around to Linda's signal system with the professor. John Henry Houston and Snowshoes, who had come with them to visit the Haleys, had not heard of this and they were greatly impressed, especially when Doc Haley brought out his mirror and explained the Morse code to them.

"It's too late now to send a message," he said. "The sun must be overhead or nearly so, or only one party can send. I used to do this first with Tom Owen down at V-Bar-O, even flashing him a grocery list for the next time he went to town."

When they returned to the ranch they were still talking about the Morse code and the mirror signals.

"Any of you could learn it," said Linda. "And it might be useful. When I was at the swimming beach last summer I sent a message to Tom at V-Bar-O that way."

"But there's that ridge in between," Jimmy Pike objected. "You wouldn't be able to see each other's flashes."

"That's where Doc Haley comes in," explained Linda. "I flashed it up to him and he relayed it to Tom at the ranch. From his place the Doc can send signals either way when the light is right."

As she and Bobby took one last look toward the mountains where the Haley place was almost lost now in the advancing shadows, neither could know how important these signals would be or the part they would play in events to come.

"What's this?" Mr. Vince asked in surprise the next day as he stopped the truck on the way to the swimming beach.

A sign, neatly lettered on a board, pointed with a big arrow to the right. It said, "LUCKY OAK CAMP—1 MILE."

"Somebody's taken over our beach, sure as shootin'," said the rancher. He put the truck in gear and they climbed over the ridge and down to their swimming place. And there, apparently having taken it over, lock, stock and barrel, were several adults, busy erecting tents and other camping equipment, and in the water and on the sand were no less than thirty girls!

With Mel and several other counselors Mr. Vince walked forward into the camp and met the newcomers. Mrs. Hilda Harrison, who was in charge, explained that arrangements had been made with the owner of the land, Russell Stoddard, to locate a summer camp here for girls. Stoddard had owned this unimproved land for many years and had allowed Mr. Vince to use the beach location each summer for V-Bar-O swimming, but now it was lost to them.

The boys and girls had been getting acquainted, but now Mr. Vince called the boys back to the truck, explaining that they would go to a swimming beach further south. They drove out and went along two dimly-defined tracks, coming at last to another "beach," nice enough for swimming but with the shoreline covered with brush and bushes, fallen branches and debris.

"Look out for poison oak," Mr. Vince warned. "We'll start cleaning up the beach tomorrow. Today you can swim but watch where you walk."

Ted Wilson gave the place the name they all adopted: Poison Oak Cove.

One morning there was great excitement, for two beautiful new canoes Mr. Vince had ordered arrived from San Francisco. When their turn came, Bobby and Rodger paddled in one of them across to the old Clayton mansion on the opposite shore. They coasted along past the old house and its garden, now covered with weeds and tangled vines. They paddled on past the dormitory where the caretaker lived with his dog, then past the big barn. Next, tucked back along the shore of a rocky cove and out of sight of the big house by reason of a low, intervening ridge, were a half-dozen cottages built around a small chapel, designed like a tiny church.

"Look!" said Bobby suddenly. "On the right side of the chapel there—the window's been boarded over. And those boards look new."

"Maybe a bandit hide-out, huh?" laughed Rodger.

"Could be," answered Rodger. "When we come over here for our week at Blue Lake Ranch you and I'll have to find out."

They headed across the lake toward Deep Cove and were on the point of "cutting the corner" to head back to their own beach when they saw a car appear, coming to Deep Cove on an old road. It came out of the trees, stopped suddenly and then its driver, as if not wanting to be seen by those in the canoe, backed hurriedly into the woods again. But Bobby had seen enough.

"Rodge," he said, "that's the car that passed us on the grade the night we were out of gas. It's the same make and year and that front fender's jammed up exactly like the one that night. Let's not say anything to the others. I think this car's got something to do with the boarded-up chapel, and we'll do better at finding out if we keep this to ourselves."

The next day Mr. Vince announced that they had all been invited to the girls' camp for a "tournament." The girls had proposed a contest with four parts—archery, egg-throwing, fire-building and a relay swimming race.

When the boys arrived, everything was in readiness. Mrs. Harrison called to the contestants to "get the show on the road," and the archery competition began. Rodger, with three bull's-eyes, cinched the first event for the boys. But then the girls came up with their specialty—fire-building. There were two teams of two each from the boys' side and the same for the girls. Each team was to build a fire and work it up sufficiently to burn a string held taut across the fire by sticks driven into the sand at either side. The boys soon learned that there was an art to this game as the girls, by carefully constructing their fires, made the flames leap upward. Two girls, Kathy and Charlene, won easily, and then the other two, Sandy and Shirley, were second. The boys were out of it completely.

Now came the egg-throwing contest.

"The girls will pair off facing each other, and the boys will do the same," instructed Mrs. Harrison. "Each two-some will be given a fresh egg. At the signal you are to toss your egg to your partner. Each time you throw you step back a pace. If your egg breaks, you're out. The couple left at the end with the good egg will be the winner."

This turned out to be hilarious. The boys and girls shouted and screamed with laughter as flying eggs broke and spattered the contestants. Finally Shirley and Charlene, very evidently having done this before, were the winners.

"Two to one!" shouted the girls. "We're winning!"

Now the boys were serious. They had to win the swimming relay to get a tie!

With eight to a side, each swimmer was to swim to the float and back, the starting point being a smooth rock on the shore from which each boy or girl



"What was that?" Snowshoes asked, his voice shaking.

was to dive after the previous swimmer had returned and touched the rock.

Shirley led off for the girls, swimming against Ted Wilson. Next came the camp comedienne Charlene against Rodger. As the boys built up a lead it seemed unfair—no contest. Of course, thought some, the boys *should* beat the girls. But they reckoned without two "champs"—Sandy and Kathy, the dark-haired beauty of the camp.

When Sandy took her turn the boys were well ahead. She hit the water in a long dive and with smooth, sure strokes passed the boy she was racing. But Bobby, swimming next, put the boys back in the lead, with Billy Halliday, V-Bar-O's best, to swim the final lap.

But now came the girls' ace swimmer, Kathy. The cheering boys thought they were sure winners but they could see that, good as Billy was, Kathy was surely gaining. At the turn at the float Billy was barely ahead.

Kathy gave it everything, swimming beautifully, but so did Billy. All the others were caught up in a frenzy of excitement, and Bobby, watching from the rock with all who could climb on it, realized that this was a beautiful race. Kathy gained ever so slightly as the distance to go narrowed. And then, with a last great effort, Billy saved the race and the day and the honor of the boys by touching the rock first, only a fraction of a second before Kathy's eager fingers reached it.

Now the cheers of all the spectators echoed across the lake, for this had been a superb thing and everyone had something of which to be proud. The boys had won the swimming race, but

the day's events had ended in a tie—really a very satisfactory result. And all knew without a doubt the beautiful Kathy was the best swimmer in either camp.

After it was all over there was plenty of talk and a new respect for the members of both camps. A wonderful picnic lunch followed, and then as they departed, the boys promised the girls that they would meet again soon.

The next day Bobby and several of the others wandered into the crafts building where various projects were under way. One thing especially caught the eye. This was John Henry Houston's periscope. John Henry may have been small, but he knew a thing or two about the art of making things out of wood. He showed the boys the construction of his "invention"—two fine, reflecting mirrors and pieces of pine cut to size for the sides of the "scope."

That night at campfire Mr. Vince outlined plans for the trip to the second camp. Fifteen boys would go with Mel as counselor to Blue Lake Ranch for one week, and then the other fifteen would have their week, the first group returning to V-Bar-O.

"It will be make-shift at first," said the rancher, "and there'll be work to do—weed-cutting and cleaning up. The counselors will vote on who will go the first week, basing the vote on good behavior and cooperation in making the camp run right so far. We'll announce the names at campfire Saturday night and go over Sunday afternoon."

Next day the blow fell. At bunkhouse inspection time the inspecting coun-

selor, Jack Julian, found fault with Rocking A—clothes and towels improperly arranged, bed poorly made, wastebasket not emptied—and he gave the dreaded Yard Duty to them all. So while the others went swimming or riding or whatever, the Rocking A crowd remained behind with instructions to restack the woodpile, pick up papers, and pick up every fallen apple in the yard. This latter was quite a piece of work in itself, as the trees dropped hundreds of small green apples at this time of year.

They tackled the woodpile first, then picked up papers, of which there were very few as Mr. Vince insisted on a clean camp and believed that tossing down papers wherever you were was a sign of poor citizenship. Then they came to the apple problem.

"I've got an idea," said Jimmy Pike. "Let's get the guys who stayed for crafts to pick up our apples!"

"Are you crazy?" asked Rodger.

Jimmy ignored him. "See that big wooden box over there? Remember Tom Sawyer and white-washing the fence? And how he got all the others to do his work and paint the fence? Well, here's how."

Following his instructions the boys slid the big box over into the part of the yard where the fallen apples covered the ground. Then with a crayon Jimmy drew a face on a board. As the others watched it became a reasonable likeness of the counselor who had given them all their trouble. But Jimmy added overly-big ears, a staring look to the eyes, then made it look like a couple of teeth were knocked out. Then in big black letters he printed beneath his sketch the name, "J. JERK JULIAN."

The others shouted with delight. Ted, ready with hammer and nails, fastened the board securely to the far end of the box, but facing them. Then Jimmy picked up an apple and let fly. His aim was true and the hard green apple hit the drawing with a smack and dropped neatly into the box. Now all the boys tried it and at their shouts the crafts boys came out to see what was going on. Reluctant at first, the Rocking A boys finally allowed them to join in the fun. In no time at all, the apples were all in the box.

The boys continued their fun by taking apples out of the box, taking turns and keeping score of their hits.

"Looks like Bobby's away out in front," said Ted.

"Well, I'm second best," said John Henry who had left working on his periscope for this.

"I'll remember that," said a stern voice behind them. "Bobby first and John Henry second."

They turned to see Jack Julian standing over them.

"Who drew that picture?" he demanded angrily. The boys could not

have known, but his large ears were a matter of personal concern with him, something about which he was very touchy. This monstrous drawing was, to him, a great insult.

For a moment no one spoke.

"I guess," he said bitterly, "that there are a few boys I know of who will not be going very soon to Blue Lake Ranch!"

Late that afternoon, following a swim for which none of the apple-throwing boys had any enthusiasm, those concerned went to see Mr. Vince in his ranch house office.

"Hello boys," said the rancher. "You wanted to see me?"

"It's about the apples and the face," began Bobby.

"We want to apologize," broke in John Henry, "We're sorry we did it."

"It's my fault," cut in Jimmy. "I had the idea and drew the face."

"Just a minute," said Mr. Vince. "I think there's someone else here who should be with us."

He stepped to the door of the office and spoke to someone waiting in the hall. In a moment Jack Julian stood in the doorway and the boys gasped in surprise.

"Fellows," he said, "I'm sorry I blew my top. I guess I was so surprised I lost my head. I forgot I was a boy at this camp myself before I got to be a counselor. And Mr. Vince'll tell you that in those first summers I was quite a case."

"We're sorry, Jack," said Bobby. "We really didn't mean anything—we've just got carried away."

That night at campfire Mr. Vince read off the list of boys who would go to Blue Lake Ranch for the first week. Bobby breathed a sigh of relief when he heard his own name and those of the other apple-throwers called. Later, settled for the night in his bunk, he tried to imagine the exciting days ahead.

Late the next afternoon the V-Bar-O trucks swung around the southern end of Blue Lake toward the old mansion. On either side of the lonely road ahead, great eucalyptus trees, seemingly a hundred feet tall, planted years ago by the mistress of this strange place, sang with the wind, bending and swaying wildly. The road, in frightful disrepair, made rough going as they approached a great rusted iron gate which barred the way.

The trucks stopped. Now, in the fading light, the boys could see the old mansion through the elaborate design of the ancient gate. The house, they saw, was larger than any of them had thought, and its somber gray walls and weed-covered surroundings gave the scene a sense of mystery.

Silently, as they watched, the iron gate swung slowly open. But how? The boys were spellbound. No one had got-

ten out. They began to move again, driving on into the mansion's immediate yard. And looking back they saw the huge rusted gate swing shut behind them, still without visible help, as if to trap them in this world of gloom and fearfulness.

"How does it work?" Bobby whispered to Mel.

"Something to do with levers and gravity," the counselor replied. "Tomorrow you'll see some iron rods in the road. When you run over them it sets the gate in motion."

At the door of the mansion Mr. Vince supervised the unloading. Mr. Zander, the caretaker, and his dog Rusty were there to meet them. Since the dormitory was so filled with dust it was decided to bring out the old cots—some brown with rust but usable—and put them around the base of a big oak tree. Mattresses and blankets were put in place and all was made ready for the night.

Dinner was eaten out of doors, two Coleman lamps providing light. Mr. Vince ruled out a campfire on account of the wind, and with plans to make tomorrow a work day, he suggested that everybody "hit the sack" early.

"I hear there's a graveyard up here somewhere," said Ted Wilson. "Wish we could go see it."

"It's just over that little ridge," said Rodger. "Right behind the chapel and up on a little hill."

"Tombstone Hill," said John Henry, pleased to have invented this name when all the boys took it up.

When all were bedded down, the Rocking A boys, their cots close together on the fringe, talked in whispers.

"Do ghosts believe in people?" whispered Snowshoes.

Just then a shutter on the old house banged in the wind.

"Sure," said Bobby. "There's one of them asking for you now."

Finally when it appeared that all were sleeping, Jimmy and Snowshoes eased out of bed and slipped out of camp, heading for the graveyard. Now they would have something to brag about tomorrow to the others. But as they toiled up the slope in the wind, stumbling now and again in the dim light of the moon, they began to wonder if they had been so smart after all to try this crazy stunt. And when suddenly some live creature scurried across their path and into the brush, each would probably have turned back but for the other.

As soon as Snowshoes and Jimmy had crept out of camp, Bobby and Rodger, who had been awake, took off after them, intent on having some fun by giving them a scare.

"Here's Clara Clayton's grave," Snowshoes was saying, pointing to a tombstone with his flashlight. Just then

there was a tiny sound beside them as if something had stirred in the grass.

"What was that?" Snowshoes asked, his voice shaking.

"Maybe some animal," said Jimmy.

Then something struck the tombstone beside them with a harsh impact and glanced away. They turned around. There was nothing there.

Neither boy moved, for now a voice, as if at a distance, came to them on the wind. "Go-o-o-o!" it quavered. "Go to your doom!" Then two white figures rose up from behind two of the more distant tombstones and unearthly cries filled the night.

Snowshoes and Jimmy waited no longer. Together they leaped the low iron fence, crashing through the brush as they ran.

Pulling off the white sheets they had borrowed from Mr. Zander's clothes line, Bobby and Rodger doubled up with laughter.

"Did you ever see Snowshoes' face?" asked Rodger when he could speak.

"Those rocks we threw up beside them sure gave them a fright," said Bobby, "but the sheets and yells were what sent them flying."

As they started back toward camp, Bobby stopped short and grabbed Rodger's arm, pulling him behind a bush. Not far from them, just coming into the old landing place by the lakeside chapel, were two men in a rowboat. As the boys watched, they tied up the boat and disappeared into the chapel.

"Come on," said Bobby, "but don't make any noise. Now maybe we'll find out something about our chapel mystery."

From the edge of a low bank, their heads level with the roof of one of the old cottages, they saw a faint light in the chapel.

"Flashlight," whispered Bobby.

Soon the two men came out and stopped almost underneath them. The boys held their breath and listened to the conversation of the two mysterious strangers, each of whom now carried a small suitcase.

"We can't leave that expensive equipment," said one.

"No, we can't," agreed the other. "Joe and Spike will have to come back with us and get it. Nothing to do but fold up and go somewhere else."

"Those girls across the lake won't bother us, but these confounded kids on this side are liable to stumble onto this place any time and then the jig will be up."

"Joe won't be back till Wednesday night," said the other. "We can come up with him on Thursday and make out like we're fishing. Then we can ease in here and clean everything out. I think that would be better than trying it at night."

They went with the suitcases down to the landing, one man walking with

a limp. Bobby nudged Rodger.

"That man at the gas station!" he whispered. "He limped, and he was in that car that passed us on the grade that night. And then the old car with the creased fender at Deep Cove that hid when they saw us in the canoes. It all adds up!"

"But what's in the suitcases?"

"That's the question," said Bobby. "We'll come back here tomorrow. Now we're going to find out something!"

The boys had to help with weedcutting and clean-up the next morning but in the afternoon they sneaked away from camp and headed for the ruined chapel. All was open and wrecked except for the little chapel office. This room seemed partly rebuilt and they found the door securely fastened with a new padlock.

Outside they looked at the boarded-up window they had seen from the lake. It was of a cathedral type, coming to a point at the top. The upper part had not been boarded up but this was considerably over a man's head.

"We'd better get back," said Bobby. "But let's try to figure a way to see in this place."

Late that afternoon Mr. Vince took the boys through the old mansion. As he opened the big front door, a musty smell came to them but the old house was cool inside, and dark. Moving through the large hall, the procession, led by the new owner, was both orderly and awed.

They entered the great parlor where fine paintings hung on the walls, and wonderful old furniture dotted a number of Persian rugs. At the far end by the western windows stood a grand piano, and in an alcove on a mahogany table was an old phonograph with a long bronze and black horn.

"Here is the game room," said Mr. Vince, passing through a door. "Notice the billiard table—old-fashioned but still good. And here's something I know you'll all like—a player-piano."

"What'll you have, boys?" asked Mel when the rancher told him to put on a roll. "Here's *Never Ever Leave Me, Nellie*. Or how about *Love Is Just a Little Word*, or maybe you'd like *We Two in a Birch Canoe*."

"Something fast, and not so much mush!" said John Henry. "Here's one: *Cycling Down the Avenue on a Sunday Afternoon*."

Mel put it on, and with a rush of sound, put in motion by his pumping feet, the song began. The old piano was amazingly in tune after all these years and it was a while before Mr. Vince could get the boys to continue the tour.

In the dining room there was a mammoth oak table, and chinaware in glass cabinets. There was a library just beyond, with a desk, several tables and many books. To Bobby it was a place

of sheer delight. Papers and books lay about as though the occupants had stepped out intending to be gone only a moment but had never returned.

Clara Clayton's office was as she had left it, and her medicine room still contained brown bottles, many of them filled and with handwritten labels. A ladling spoon and various instruments lay scattered about, and even today there was still a slight smell of sulphur about the place.

In a downstairs bedroom near the office a beautiful table clock caught the eye, and Bobby, fascinated with it all, noticed that on the bedside stand lay a *Good Housekeeping Magazine* with its date: August 1908.

"Here is Mrs. Clayton's Bible," said Mr. Vince, pointing to a beautifully-bound book. "This is one of the finest Bibles I have ever seen."

Mr. Vince said the upstairs rooms would not be visited since they were filled to the brim with furniture from the cottages stored there in addition to their own furnishings.

Linda, who had come over in the truck with Mr. Vince today with groceries from V-Bar-O, had brought John Henry's periscope, its owner having forgotten it the day before. Now John Henry was the center of attention as everybody wanted to try it.

Before he and Linda left, Mr. Vince called the boys together.

"Boys," he said, "how would you like to celebrate Blue Lake Ranch's 'opening' with a big blow-out tomorrow night?"

There was a chorus of enthusiastic yells.

"We thought we could make it a birthday party, too," he went on. "Both for the boys who have birthdays while at camp and for V-Bar-O. It was six years ago that we opened the boys' camp. The cook said he'd bake several big cakes, and we thought you boys could line up some entertainment."

"Mr. Vince," said Jimmy, "why not invite the girls from the girls' camp, too?"

It was agreed, and Linda and Mr. Vince were to drive around to Lucky Oak Camp on their way home and extend the invitation. As they left, Linda spotted Bobby.

"I've got a little pocket mirror with me," she said, "and I'll flash you word whether the girls can come or not. In the Morse code there are no dashes in 'yes'—just all dots. So if I send all short flashes, they'll come to the party. If the answer is 'no' it'll be a long and a short for 'n' and three long flashes for 'o'—and I hope I don't have to send you that because Daddy says I can come, too, if the girls come."

The boys, listening to the signal arrangements, all looked at Linda in new admiration. This little girl was really "on the ball."

After the rancher and his daughter left, the boys waited on the beach, watching the far shore where Lucky Oak Camp lay. Finally the flash of the tiny mirror brought a cry of delight from the watchers. The flashes were all short, all dots. The answer was "yes"—the girls had accepted the invitation.

Next day Bobby had his great idea. John Henry had gotten a step-ladder from the barn and with several others was using his periscope to look in the second story windows of the old mansion.

Bobby pulled Rodger off to one side.

"There's our answer to that high window in the chapel," he said.

Rodger's face lighted up, then his expression fell.

"There's no light inside that little office," he said. "How could we see anything?"

Bobby thought a minute. "How would a good strong flashlight attached to a pole do?" he asked.

After some difficulty they managed to borrow periscope and ladder—supposedly to "stalk birds." Then they headed over the ridge toward the chapel.

At last, with Rodger holding the ladder steady and managing the flashlight pole, Bobby went cautiously up the ladder with the periscope. But there was too much to handle and the flashlight wavered at the end of the pole.

"We need one more guy," said Rodger disgustedly.

A voice hailed them.

"Birds in church?" It was John Henry, looking down on them from the bank in back of the cottages.

"Come on down, John Henry," said Bobby. "We need you."

First pledging him to secrecy, they explained everything to the periscope owner. Then they had John Henry go to the top of the ladder and sit there to steady both the flashlight pole and the periscope as Bobby gingerly crept up the ladder steps.

What Bobby saw, looking through the periscope, brought him up short.

"Rodge! John Henry!" he said in a low voice filled with excitement. "That room is filled with paper money—stacks of it!"

"Money?" Both his companions were incredulous.

"Yes, paper money—all new. And there are engraving tools and a little printing press and ink and paper and I don't know what else. Those men are counterfeiters!"

"So now we know what was in those suitcases!" said Rodger, and he began to look around him. "We've got to get out of here. If those men should find us here..."

"Let's not say anything until we can tell Mr. Vince," said Bobby. "He can get the FBI up here and they can catch these counterfeiters. But if the whole

camp knows, they might get scared away."

As dinner time neared that night, the girls from Lucky Oak Camp arrived, followed in by the truck from V-Bar-O with the boys. But Mr. Vince had been delayed and would come later. Burdened with the knowledge of the chapel's secret, Bobby, Rodger and John Henry managed to kid with the girls and enjoy the wonderful picnic supper topped off by the birthday cakes, but they kept one eye on the road, hoping for the appearance of the rancher. In the lull between dinner and the start of the entertainment, they had just decided to tell Mel of their discovery when Mr. Vince arrived. Hurriedly they told him and the counselor the story.

"We heard the men say they would come back Thursday," said Bobby. "They're going to pretend to be fishermen and then sneak into the chapel and clean it out."

"I'll go back and phone the FBI," said Mr. Vince. "Go ahead with the entertainment as if nothing had happened."

The boys and girls had gathered near the campfire in a semi-circle before a low flatbed farm wagon which was to serve as a stage. Now Mel started the program.

"First," he said, "we want to invite you girls to come and see our big mock battle tomorrow. We hold this every year at a place called The Citadel up on the ridge near your camp. The Citadel is a jumble of rocks like a fort. The boys from V-Bar-O will battle the Blue Lake Ranch boys—at two o'clock sharp."

"But what about the ammunition?" asked Jimmy.

"Mr. Vince brought the makings over today," said Mel, "and we'll put it together tomorrow morning. We make our ammunition"—this for the benefit of the girls and the "new" boys—"by wrapping a quantity of white flour in strong, double-strength tissue paper, tying string above the pocket of flour. When this is thrown, the flour part is forward, and the loose paper behind the string-tie acts like feathers on a dart to help direction. In the battle, whenever a boy is hit so the paper breaks and flour is spattered over him, he is out of it. Whichever side loses all its men first is the loser."

Now the camp entertainment began. First to perform was a quartet of girls—Kathy, Shirley, Charlene and Sandy. Charlene announced they would sing an original number entitled *Camp Boy, Camp Boy, Learn to Build a Fire*.

The boys all booed at this teasing reference to the fire-building contest in the recent tournament, but there were grins on all the faces. This turned to admiration when the song, set in a minor key, produced some of the loveliest harmony possible. Then the girls



What Bobby saw brought him up short.

sang *I Dream 'Neath the Western Stars* for which there was also great applause.

Now it was the boys' turn. Mel announced that Roberto, the Gypsy Hypnotist, would perform. Ted Wilson put a number of small items on a table: a glass of water, a book, an apple, and several other objects. Then Jimmy, who was to be the first subject, was taken out of hearing of the crowd by Mel, the two waiting until called.

"Now, my good friends," said Bobby, a blue bandana around his head to carry out the idea of Roberto, the Gypsy, "what will we have our subject do? You see here an apple, a glass of water, a book, and these other items. Choose, and he will do your bidding."

He looked out at his audience, some skeptical, some open-mouthed.

"Have him eat the apple," said a girl in the front row.

"So be it," said Bobby, hamming it up.

Mel and Jimmy were called back. Jimmy came up on the stage and was seated in a chair near the table.

"Now, my friend," said Bobby in persuasive tones, "Signor Roberto will put you in the restful sleep of sleeps. Look at me—watch me—do not take your eyes from mine!"

He began to move his hands gently to and fro. Then he came close to his subject and stroked his forehead lightly—one, two, three, four, five times—then he stopped and stepped away. Then he again moved forward and stroked the subject's forehead just once. Again he stepped back, then forward and stroked the forehead many times—if one had been counting, it

would have been noted that it was twenty times.

Now the hypnotist folded his arms. Slowly the subject rose out of his chair, then walked as if in a trance until he stood before the table. While the audience watched breathlessly, he looked at the objects there, then unerringly picked up the apple and began to eat.

Next Rodger was put through the same performance. The audience having instructed Roberto to make his new subject drink the water, Rodger at the proper moment rose, picked up the glass from the table and drank every drop. Snowshoes, although clowning and overacting, correctly picked the book and read from it when his turn came, this having been what the audience had ordered.

Every one of the boys and girls in the circle around the stage was fascinated. How did Bobby do it? One of the boys thought he might trip the hypnotist, so Jimmy was sent away again with Mel.

"Make him cry," he said, and there was a murmur of approval. Maybe this would be the stumbling block, for the objects on the table were not now involved.

The same routine, the same words, the same motions. Then Jimmy left his chair, looked wildly about and began to cry!

As Bobby took off his bandana headpiece and the boys took their bows, the applause was tremendous. All asked the same questions: "How was it done?" "What was the trick?" But the boys only smiled, their secret still a secret.

Before the next part of the program

could begin there was a flash of lightning, followed by a great clap of thunder. Then came the rain. Intent on the show, no one, not even the counselors, had noticed the approaching storm. There was a dash to the porch and then Mel, in Mr. Vince's absence, decided to open up the house.

Two Coleman lamps from the kitchen were brought into the living room and boys and girls sat around in chairs and on the floor, waiting for the storm to stop. Kathy, sitting near Bobby, teased him to tell the secret of the hypnosis act.

"Then," said Kathy, "we can go home and work it on our friends."

"Sure, Bobby," coaxed Charlene, "I want to work it on my brother. He never does what I tell him!"

"Well," said Bobby, after the others in the act had told him to go ahead, "any of you can do it. You remember I stroked the subject's forehead? It's really quite simple—each stroke is a letter—one stroke for A, two for B, three for C, and so on.

"Take Jimmy who ate the apple—I stroked his head five times—that was E. Then once, and that was A. Then twenty times and that was T. The answer: EAT. All Jimmy had to do was pay close attention and count the strokes, then get up and eat the apple!"

The rain continuing, Linda now spoke up.

"I was just thinking that if Dad were here he'd want us to play the player-piano in the game room and sing and dance."

Mel looked at Mrs. Harrison who nodded approval. So boys and girls and the two lamps were moved into the adjoining room and in another moment the music was set going. At first it seemed it would be all singing, but finally the ice was broken—by the girls who asked the boys!—and couples began to dance. But best of all was when comic Charlene and serious Rodger did the Charleston, all the others gathering round to watch.

Finally, the rain having ceased, the party broke up. Mel, watching the trucks leave, could not imagine what had happened to Mr. Vince, who had never come back. But finally the lights of the station wagon came up the drive.

"You missed all the fun," said Mel.

"We had a flat tire going back," explained Mr. Vince. "And then I couldn't get through on the phone to San Francisco. The wires are down, due to the storm. I'll just have to keep trying."

"Is there anything I can do?" asked Mel.

"Just keep the boys away from the chapel tomorrow. Go ahead with the flour fight. You can keep them busy in the morning making the flour bombs."

Mr. Vince turned back to V-Bar-O and Mel turned in. It had been a big day, but it appeared tomorrow might

be even bigger.

The next morning was beautiful and bright, and at V-Bar-O and Blue Lake Ranch the rival teams were busy making ammunition—a small teacup of flour to each square of paper in a production line, then the tying and crumpling of the paper and the packing of the finished bombs into paper cartons to go on the truck.

At V-Bar-O Mr. Vince finally got a call through to John Gregory of the FBI in San Francisco. Linda and Tom were with their father.

"They're coming," he told them when he hung up the phone. "Gregory said they've been trying to track down this ring of counterfeiters for two years, with never a clue until now. We're to phone Joe Reilly at Blackwell's Corner any word we get on the counterfeiters. The FBI men will stop there for a message from us before they start up over Summit Pass."

Joe Reilly ran the store at the intersection of the highway from San Francisco and the county road which came over the mountains into Blue Lake Valley. Mr. Vince now phoned Joe, an old friend, and explained, Joe promising to keep his line open.

Now the Blue Lake truck pulled into the yard. Only Mel and Bobby were in it. They walked quickly to the ranch house.

"The fake fishermen are there," said Mel. "We had the field glasses on Deep Cove all morning. They had just put two rowboats in the water when we took off to come over and tell you."

"We'll telephone this to Reilly," said Mr. Vince, explaining Reilly's part to Mel and Bobby. "Now if we could get a description of their car..."

"I could get it, Mr. Vince," said Bobby. "Mel could drop me off near the girls' camp and I could sneak through the trees to Deep Cove—even get their license number."

"The time is going to be short," said Tom Owen.

"I have it!" said Linda suddenly. "My Morse code and the mirrors! Really! Let me flash Doc Haley and get him ready. Then let me go with Mel and Bobby. I can flash the kind of car and the license number and everything to Doc and he can send it down to Tom here at the ranch."

"It would work," conceded Tom. "The light's right and will be for several hours."

"O.K.," said Mr. Vince. "See if you can raise the professor."

So Linda flashed her mirror in the direction of Doc Haley's Sky Ranch. Finally there was an answering flash. With Tom beside her, they told the professor the story and he agreed to "stand by" for the afternoon, ready to relay whatever messages they might send him.

A short time later, while the boys

from both V-Bar-O and Blue Lake Ranch were heading for the Citadel for the flour fight, Bobby and Linda were nearing Deep Cove, moving silently through the trees.

"Look," said Linda, clutching Bobby's arm. "Two cars!"

Half-hidden in the brush and trees was the old car with the scarred fender Bobby had felt sure would be there. Behind it was another, newer car. Quickly they got what they needed to know and a few moments later Linda sent her message.

"There," she said. "He's got the license numbers and everything. Gee, we're really important."

Bobby grinned. "We'd better head for the Citadel," he said.

When they reached the top of the ridge both teams had gathered and the Lucky Oak girls were coming up the road.

"Fifteen against fifteen," said Mel as he called the boys around him to go over the rules. He and Jack Julian were to be the judges.

"One team will defend the Citadel," he said, pointing to the group of up-thrust rocks on the little hill which all could see was quite like a fortress. "The other will attack."

Mel flipped a coin and the V-Bar-O boys won, choosing to attack.

"When a boy is hit so he definitely has flour on him," said Mel, "Jack or I will declare him out and he must leave the fight. The battle is over when only one man is left! Any questions?"

There were several. For example, how close could an attacker come?

"As close as he wants to," laughed Mel. "But if he comes too close he'll probably get a fistful of flour rammed right down his throat!"

Bobby, as he moved into the pile of rocks with his men and their flour weapons, was glad they were to defend, as he saw that, since the attack would come from the west, he would be able to keep watch on the lake and the chapel on the far shore. As the boys placed their ammunition in strategic locations behind rocks, he was struck with a sudden thought: if the counterfeiters crossed in their boats to their cars and drove out now, they would pass near this spot, going out through the cut—The Chute—not fifty yards from where he stood. The boys could pepper them from above with the flour bombs as they went through, and their cars would be thoroughly marked! Then if word of *this* fact could be gotten to the FBI men, catching the culprits would be almost certain.

"Bobby," Mel was calling, "are you ready?"

"Wait," he answered, and he spoke quickly to his crew.

"Look," he said in a low voice. "They've piled all their ammunition in one place. That means they'll sort of

bunch up there to get more flour bombs. Try to concentrate your fire there."

"Golly," said John Henry gleefully. "This'll be a slaughter!"

It was a fight to remember. With the girls on the side-lines screaming and wishing to be in it too, the flour pellets began to fly thick and fast. Bobby scored a direct hit almost with the first throw, but he had a near squeak when a flying bomb just ticked his ear and crashed on a rock behind him. In a flurry the defenders lost two men but the other side yielded up four, the business of centering shots on the ammunition pile proving a wise move.

Snowshoes was an early victim and the laughter was unrestrained as he left the Citadel, a sorry sight with flour from a direct hit on his chest having splattered him almost from head to foot. Rodger, too, was lost to the defenders when he remained too long in the open to laugh at a V-Bar-O warrior he had caught in the seat of the pants as the latter stooped for more ammunition.

It was nip and tuck, and Bobby, still unscathed, took count and saw that five remained on each side. It was at this point that out of the corner of his eye he saw two boats pulling away from the little chapel across the lake.

He thought of his idea, and he remembered, too, that he and Linda should be sending a mirror signal to Doc Haley. He glanced toward the place where he had last seen her in the crowd of girls; she had seen the boats and was motioning to him and pointing to the mirror. He nodded his head for a "yes" and she moved off a little ways and began signaling from a rock.

With only three on each side now left in the fight, the shots were fewer and more carefully placed. Bobby looked at the ammunition supply. Plenty still remained on both sides. Seeing that the boats on the lake were almost to Deep Cove, he suddenly stood up on a rock, yelling, "Stop the fight!"

The crowd was mystified but he quickly told them of the counterfeiters, explaining the situation and pointing to the boats just gliding in behind the trees that hid Deep Cove from view. Then he described his plan to bombard the cars.

This was something! Mel and Jack

Julian agreed to the plan, but there was no time to lose. All the ammunition was gathered up and boys and girls alike moved to the edge of the cut and arranged themselves along it, flour bombs in hand. There was enough for all.

"Now keep out of sight," cautioned Bobby, "until I give the word. Then let 'em have it!"

Linda used her mirror to flash the plan to Doc Haley.

"I'll tell you if it works," she spelled out to him. "Then have Daddy tell the FBI if they haven't passed Reilly's store yet."

Now the cars were coming slowly up the grade.

"Get ready," called Bobby. "Move out to the edge of the cut when I yell 'Now' but don't throw until the cars are right under you."

The two cars drew nearer and nearer. Bobby held his breath.

"Now!" he yelled. And as the two cars went through the cut, their passengers, unaware of the crowd of campers over their heads, saw a white rain hit them like a deluge. Flour splattered on the two tops and the two hoods, some of it hitting the windshield, some the windows and fenders. The counterfeiters never knew what hit them. They had only one thought and that was escape. Still able to see out their windshields they kept on, driving recklessly down the other side of the ridge and out of sight.

Already Linda was signaling the Doc and he in turn reported the success of the bombardment to Tom at V-Bar-O.

"I think," said Bobby, "that we should all go down to Lucky Oak Camp for our swim. Let's say that this year the Citadel battle was a tie."

It had been previously arranged that after the fight, the boys would be guests at the girls' camp for swimming and supper. As they all swam, Linda kept thinking of the counterfeiters. Soon Doc Haley would know if they had been caught, for Tom had promised to flash the word to him. But with his place now in shadow, the professor could no longer flash word to her. Then she had an idea.

"I think I can find out if they caught the counterfeiters," she told Bobby, and she went to get her mirror which she had left with her things in one of the girls' tents.

Now the whole camp—boys and girls

and adults—gathered around her as she moved her mirror this way and that in the late sunlight, sending a message up to the shadow-bound Haley cabin.

"I've just told the Doc that if he's heard they've caught the counterfeiters, to build a bonfire and we can see the smoke."

"Smoke signals!" exclaimed John Henry. "What an idea!"

Eagerly they watched and then there was a great cheer, for smoke was curling up into the still air beside the professor's cabin. The law-breakers had been caught!

After supper when the trucks came for the boys, Mr. Vince was all smiles.

"The flour barrage did it," he told them. "They caught them right at the top of Summit Pass. The FBI men said the flour idea was about the smartest stunt they'd seen in a long time."

Tomorrow Lucky Oak Camp would close up, so now there were good-byes and promises to meet again next year.

With their week at Blue Lake Ranch at an end, Bobby and his campmates moved back to V-Bar-O and the opposite group was taken in the trucks to the old mansion.

Finally the last day of camp was at hand. All the boys were back at V-Bar-O now, with Blue Lake Ranch deserted—turned back, as John Henry said, to Mr. Zander and his dog.

After a flurry of preparations the trucks were loaded with gear and boys, and it was time to go. Mr. Vince shook hands with each boy and then thanked them all for being such fine campmembers—"a credit," he said, "to your parents and the younger generation."

Bobby and John Henry were the last to board the truck. Linda stood with them, hating to see them go.

"Don't forget to come back next year," she said.

As they drove out the main gate they could see the Owens, with Linda a little to one side, still waving.

As they all waved back, Bobby looked at the familiar scene with a strange mixture of happiness and sadness. He was happy because he had come to love this place and these people, and sad because he was leaving it and them behind. He knew now that this had been the most wonderful experience that he had ever had.



illustrated by COLLIN CAMPBELL



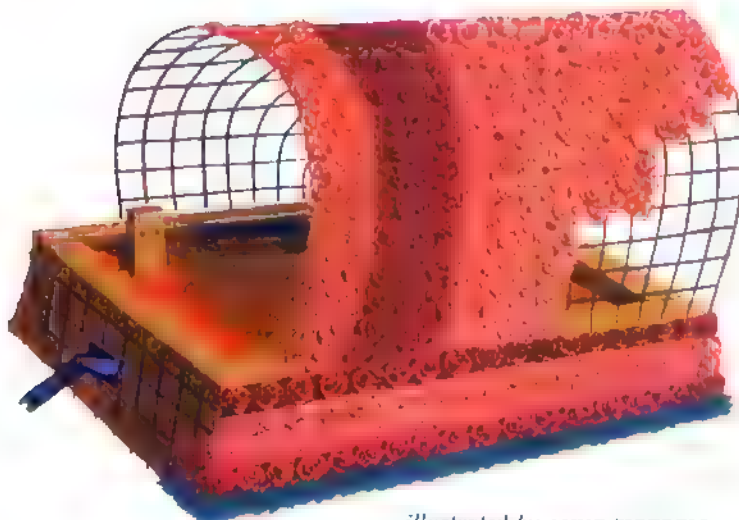
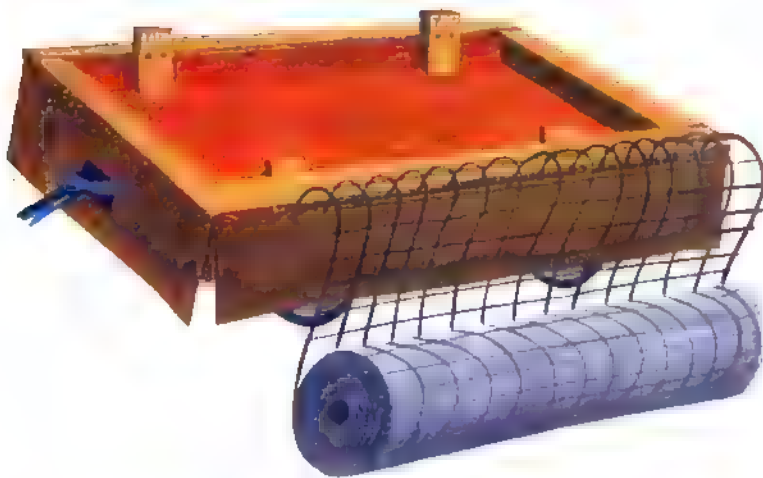
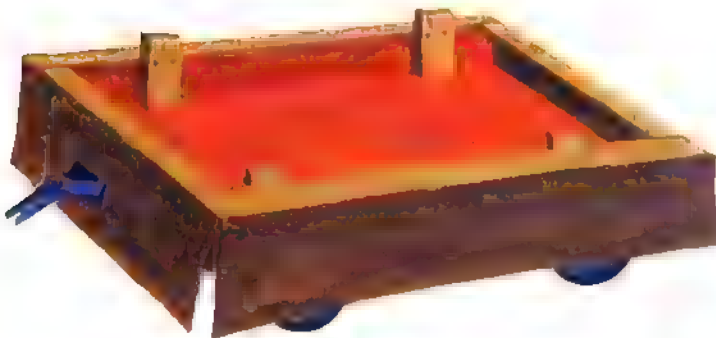
How to have a **PARADE**



Nothing is more fun than a good parade. And the best parade is the one you make yourself! At least, that's what the boys and girls who live in Temple City believe. Every year, when the time draws near for the big Camellia Festival, this little California town buzzes with excitement. The young people who belong to the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Blue Birds, and all the other youth organizations, start making plans for their own big flower parade.

First, everyone must decide on a theme, a single idea which will be carried out in all the flower-decorated floats that make up the parade. Then, each organization must decide how its particular float should look. Should it resemble a big birthday cake? Or a castle in the air? When the decision has finally been reached and the floats are designed, all hands pitch in to help build them.

This year, the theme of the Temple City parade was "Day Dreams." More than 60,000 visitors flocked to see the 48 floats, shaped like huge pink birthday cakes, hearts, castles, and other favorite day dreams, and decorated with thousands and thousands of pink and white and red camellias. All the floats in the parade are small—none larger than four feet by six feet is allowed—and all are pulled or pushed along by hand. There are no cars in the parade. It is not for grown-ups. The Camellia Festival is by the kids, and for the kids.



illustrated by ANNE SIBERELL



You can make a float like the ones shown on these pages, using a regular express wagon for a base. You'll need boards four or five inches wide, heavy corrugated paper, and chicken wire. And, of course, lots of flowers, either real ones, like those in Temple City, or ones made of paper or some other material.

First, nail four boards together so they form a square as long as your express wagon, but the width of a board wider on each side. To hold this wooden frame in place on the wagon, fasten two wooden uprights to each side, as shown in the drawing. Now tack corrugated paper covered with chicken wire to the frame, so that the wheels are hidden. An easy float to start with is the covered wagon. Simply cut your chicken wire two and a half times as wide as your wagon and fasten both ends to the sides of the wagon. Pin flowers to the mesh until the float is covered with blossoms.



the wild heart

by Jack Jungmeyer

The small landslide which had rolled the boy down into the rocky river bed had left him dazed for a minute or two. As his senses cleared, he found that both his feet were pinned under a slab of stone. He could sit up in the sand and move his body. But he couldn't free his legs, struggle as he would. One foot was numb, maybe broken. Other than that, he didn't seem badly hurt, just bruised and shaken.

It took him a little time to realize his situation.

Sandy Hoover was a self-reliant 12-year-old, not easily frightened. But now panic began to shake him. Here he was, three miles from camp,

helpless, only a few feet above the water level of the mountain stream which often rose that much and more within a stormy hour. Someone would have to rescue him! But no one might be coming up to this remote hidden turn of the river for days. No one at the camp even knew where he had gone this beautiful spring morning with his fishing gear and a basket of lunch.

That was a bad mistake—not to tell his mother.

For a frenzied moment his panic burst from him in wild shouts for help. But the noise of the river cataracts only mocked him back to silence. He leaned stiffly against a

piece of driftwood and tried to take comfort in hopeful thoughts.

By sunset his father would have come up from Stockton with fresh supplies for the camp and a new book of trout flies. He'd ask right away, "Where's the boy?" And his mother would tell him in her confident way, "Oh, he's still out on the river." No one would be alarmed. Not for quite a while, for he often fished the riffles in the evening shadows. Maybe Phoebe would wander over and inquire. She'd be the only one who might guess he'd headed for Fern Spring—a place which had special delight for the two of them. But maybe the Hollidays would



HARTLEY

have company and she'd not come over at all.

Sandy looked at the river rushing past toward that dark pool where he had intended casting his trout lure. He listened to its eternal song, usually so exciting, now so dismal.

Close beside him lay his smashed rod. Within reach, too, was the basket creel, filled with a couple of sandwiches and a hardboiled egg. On top of them he had stuffed a handful of crisp ferns and some lovely Mariposa lilies plucked from the cool margin of the spring, just a short climb above him now, where he had paused on his way here—the place where a careless step on moist earth had started the slide. The ferns would keep the trout firm. The Mariposas were for Phoebe.

Maybe he'd eat a sandwich, to sort of pass the time, or the egg. The little packet of salt for the egg had been split open, leaving just a pinch. But after one bite, the food revolted him, and he put it back.

Utterly forlorn, in a surge of hopelessness, Sandy closed his eyes, sitting very still, the sun hot upon his butch-cut thatch and on the sand around him. And now, curious about this stranger who had cried out in some kind of agony, numerous little wilderness folk came cautiously close to inspect him; a perky chipmunk, a golden mantled ground squirrel, peering from atop a boulder, a magpie, scolding from an alder, a water ouzel, bowing to him once as she scuttled across the riffles, and a young, black bear vanishing into the brush after one furtive look.

The boy knew them all, and many more. But now he saw none of these

creatures he included in his love of nature and with whom he had a gentling way. The sickness of despair held his eyes blindly closed.

Then some presence compelled his attention. When he looked up, she was there—the deer. He thought for a moment it was a dream. He called her name, "Twitchy?" And when she pointed her ears at him, almost close enough to touch, and he saw recognition in her limpid eyes, he called out, "It is you—little Twitchy!"

Sandy's heart pounded with emotion. The deer he had saved when, as a spotted fawn, she had come to him after breaking her leg in escape from hunter's dogs. Sure! She still limped on the fore leg he had splinted and healed last summer.

"You know me too, don't you. Twitching your tail like always! We wondered where you'd gone after Phoebe and I turned you loose up at Fern Spring." He held out his hand, forgetting his predicament for a moment in happy recollection, and the slim little doe let him touch her. And for some strange reason, the boy wept again. It was then the great idea came to him.

From his fish basket he took the little packet of salt, sprinkled some on his palm and let the deer lick it. Just a taste, to set up a chain of associations. Would she remember? How he or his mother used to reward the petted fawn when she carried garden vegetables to the kitchen door in the basket hung about her neck after she could walk again? This very basket, it had been.

When Sandy had fastened the creel with its ferns and wilted lilies around the yearling's slim neck, he spoke to

her again—voicing a great hope.

"Go," he said. "Go home, Twitchy. Go home and get salt at the kitchen door. Go fast and go safe!" Of course she couldn't understand the words. But would she catch the intent, in her wild heart, remembering comradeship and a happy custom?

The deer licked his hand once more, lifted her head and started off in the direction of the camp, limping a little, until the boy lost sight of her beyond the alders.

"Find Phoebe," Sandy shouted after her. "She'll know about the ferns and where I am!"

When his father and the district forest ranger, Jim Cook, and other anxious men from the camp—yes, and Phoebe too—came for him with lanterns long after dark, the rising river was lapping close around him. They lifted the rock from his broken foot and carried him to the horses.

"She was standing there by your kitchen door, patiently, with the basket around her neck.

"I guess she just wanted the salt," Sandy said, wincing a little from his broken ankle.

"No," said the girl. "She didn't even wait for it but followed us right away to the horses—and all the way back up here. Like a miracle," she added with a note of awe.

"No miracle," said the seasoned forest ranger. "Just plain goodness of heart which sometimes creates wonderful bonds among nature's children—including a boy and a girl and a deer."

As they filed down the trail, beyond disaster, a pair of eyes glowed in the night like stars amongst the tall pines above Fern Springs.



ANTARCTICA:

Part II; "Operation Deepfreeze" Gets Under Way...

by Ted Sears

On these pages are pictures of our Navy's Task Force engaged in the first steps of "Operation Deepfreeze," our country's newest expedition to the South Pole. "Operation Deepfreeze" is just one portion of the great movement to prepare for the Geophysical Year, a project in which ten or more of the world's leading nations will take part.

Does the term "Geophysical" confuse you? Well, it shouldn't, because Geophysics simply means the study of the earth and the knowledge we gain about the various elements that form our world.

For more than two centuries, small groups of explorers have visited Antarctica, but this coming year will mark the beginning of the first all-out effort to make a complete survey of this bleak land.

At least thirty-eight stations will soon be set up in parts of Antarctica. Of course, the project will last much longer than a single year, and men of science expect to discover, test and prove many things that before this have been merely guesswork.

Numerous plane flights will be made across the South Pole. Surface weather will be recorded at all points—also ocean currents, temperatures, prevailing winds and ice formations. And possibilities for commercial airfields of the future will be studied.

This huge continent is thought to be rich in mineral deposits. Every item of importance will be investigated by experts. Perhaps someday in the near future we will be as familiar with Antarctica as we are with all other parts of the world.



Here the Navy crewmen sight an enormous tabular berg. Unlike most Arctic icebergs, the tabular berg are quite flat on top. They are really huge islands of ice that have broken away from the ice-shelves that cling to the coast of Antarctica. This one is large enough to hold an entire town. It will drift northwards for hundreds of miles before it finally melts away into the sea.



All aircraft, large and small, are painted orange so that they can be easily seen against the snow. These small De Havilland Otters are very useful for carrying men and light equipment between bases.

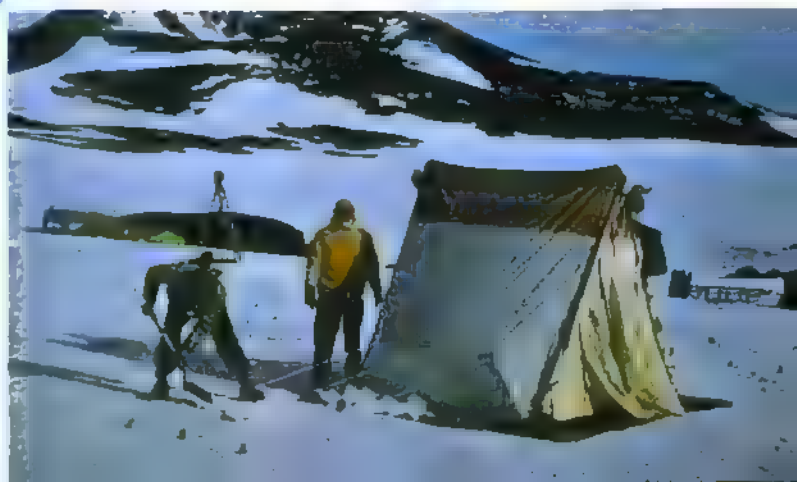


Huskies and Malamutes have again and again proven their worth in helping man struggle against the frozen wilderness. In spite of all the modern tractors and the fast planes, the sled dog is still an important mode of transportation in Antarctica.

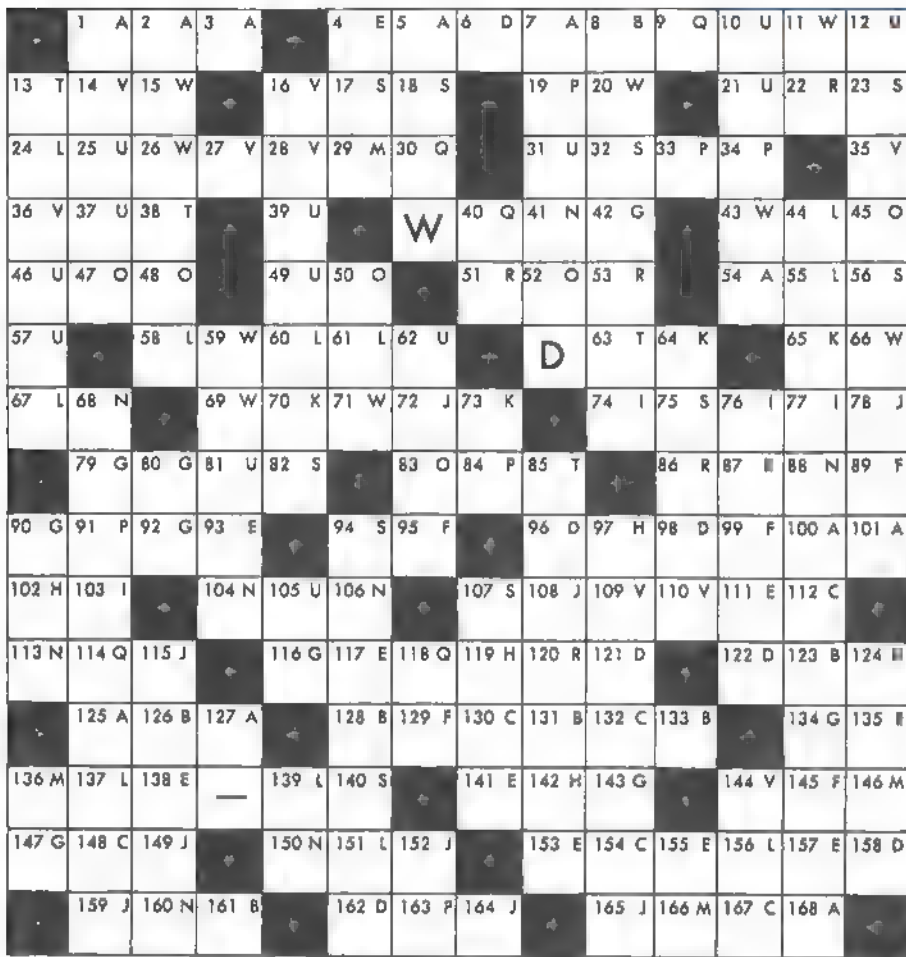


One of the most useful ships in Polar waters is the icebreaker. With its thick steel hull and powerful Diesel engines, it can force its way through ice ten to fifteen feet thick, opening a path for the other ships of the fleet. This is the "Eastwind," now active in the Ross Sea. Icebreakers are operated by the Navy and the Coast Guard.

Temporary shelter tents protect construction crews while pre-fabricated buildings are being assembled. Tents have double walls, floor cloths and protected entrances to make them as windproof and comfortable as possible.



"On your toes" puzzle



HOW TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE

1. When the puzzle is solved it will tell something about the MICKEY MOUSE CLUB TV SHOW. The numbered spaces are letters which make words. The black spots are spaces between words.
2. The two letters "W" and "D" in the puzzle are Free Letters.
3. First look over the questions in the lower part of the page. Then, where you can, fill in the answers, letter for letter, beside the questions (above the dashes over the numbers).
4. Now put the same letters in the squares of the puzzle. For example, if the letter for Number 54—the first one for Corky's dog—is "W" then put "W" above 54 beside the question and also in square 54 in the puzzle itself.
5. Here's an extra clue: The first letter of each answer, if read in order from top to bottom, will spell out what part of the puzzle is about.

Answers are on page 42

QUESTIONS

ANSWERS

- A. Corky's Dog. 54 2 101 1 3 7 100 125 127 5 168
- B. Correspondent for Italy. 123 126 161 8 128 133 131
- C. A blond Mouseketeer. 130 167 112 132 154 148
- D. Guest Star Day. 162 6 158 121 122 96 98
- E. Master of ceremonies (last name first) for the Mickey Mouse Club. 93 135 138 141 153 117 4 155 157 111
- F. A country, subject of a Foreign Correspondent series. 145 99 129 111 95
- G. The name of Marly's horse. 79 42 143 134 90 116 147 92 80
- H. A feminine Mouseketeer. 97 142 102 119 124
- I. What Uncle Don cooked for the Durango Dude. 76 74 103 77
- J. The day before today. 149 164 165 78 72 159 152 108 115
- K. An animal who has often appeared with his owner on the Mickey Mouse Club TV Show. 73 87 70 65 64
- L. Mickey's girl friend. 156 61 137 151 55 24 58 44 139 60 67
- M. An expression of pain. 29 136 146 166
- N. Who Corky baked a cake for. 160 106 104 88 41 113 150 68

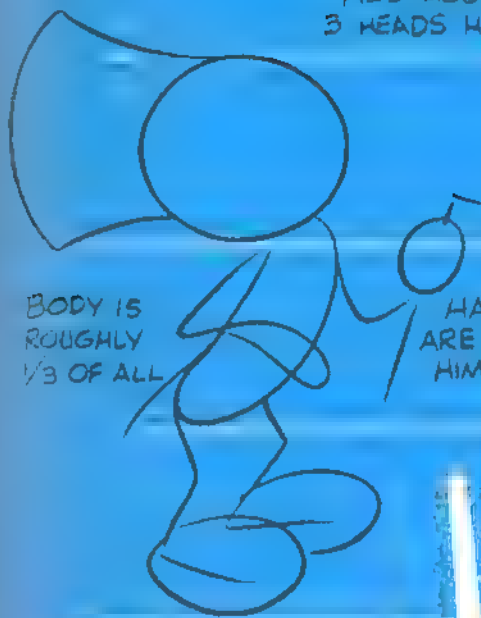
QUESTIONS

ANSWERS

- O. A day when the Mickey Mouse Club is not on the air. 50 52 45 83 47 48
- P. Two words: (1) A girl's name (2) how an Indian says "hello." 34 33 84 163 19 91
- Q. A Mouseketeer with long curls. 9 114 118 40 30
- R. A "slang" way to spell a word meaning "plenty." 22 53 120 51 86
- S. Two words: (1) Spin and Marly's ranch, (2) center part of a wheel. 56 82 32 140 23 18 17 107 75 94
- T. What Cubby says playing drums is. 13 63 38 85
- U. When the Mickey Mouse Club TV show is on—except on Saturdays and Sundays—(four words). 12 81 62 57 46 39 37 105 21 31 49 25 10
- V. Two words: (1) Something the San Juan river explorers watched out for, (2) Something they took with them. 14 36 109 28 35 27 144 16 110
- W. Two words: (1) Uncle Don's bear who stole things, (2) what it's sometimes wise to keep. 15 20 26 11 69 66 43 59 71

HOW TO DRAW JIMINY CRICKET

HE'S ABOUT
3 HEADS HIGH

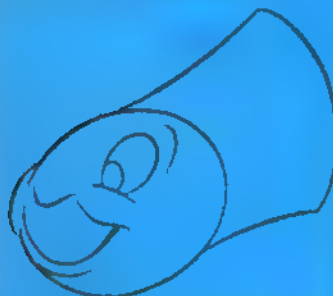


BODY IS
ROUGHLY
1/3 OF ALL

HANDS AND FEET
ARE LARGE TO MAKE
HIM APPEAR SMALL



START WITH
SIMPLE SHAPE



ADD NOSE AND EYES



COLLAR
AND HAT



ALWAYS
WEARS
GLOVES



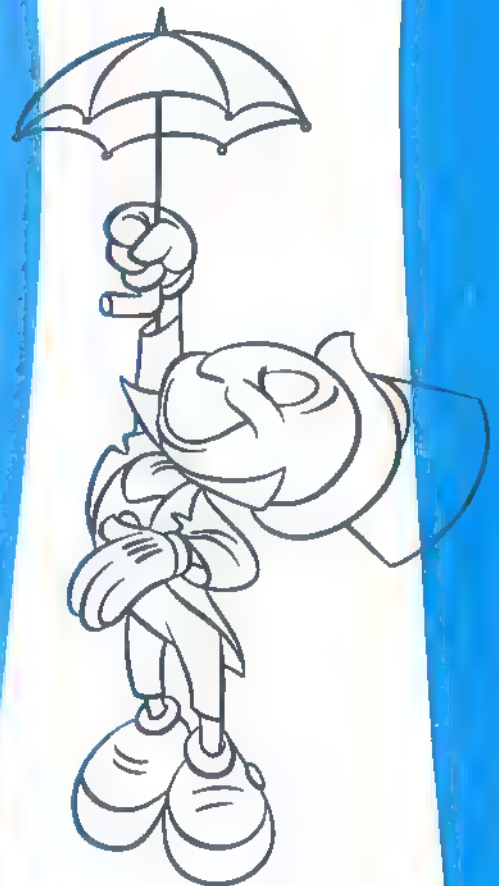
WEARS
SPATS



HE ALMOST
ALWAYS HAS
HIS UMBRELLA



HAT FLARES
OUT AND IS
HEAVY FELT

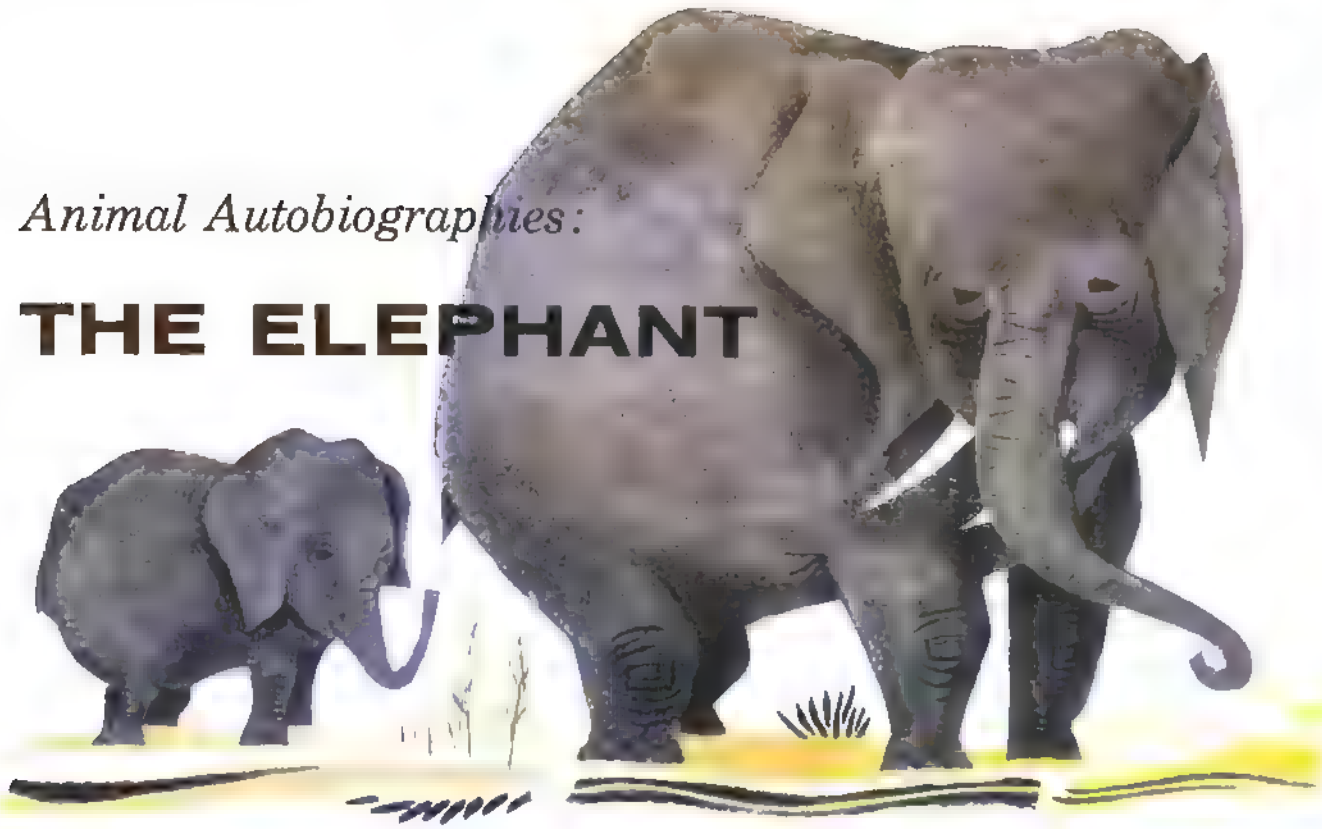


Jiminy is a learned little guy who has a good-natured way of telling you a lot about a lot of things. And this affable cricket is easy to draw. Try him, and see!

Adapted from "How to Draw Jiminy Cricket" which can be purchased by writing to the Art Corner, Disneyland, Anaheim, California.

Animal Autobiographies:

THE ELEPHANT



by Charles Shows



I am an elephant. Not the untamed African kind who still runs wild on the dark continent, but a working elephant who earns his own living.

They call me an Indian elephant because I was born in the dense, steaming jungles of mystic India. And you can always tell me from my African cousin—he's the one with the big ears!

As a youngster my life was simple, carefree, and happy, with nothing to do all day but browse around nibbling on wild bananas, sugar cane, coconuts and tender leaves, until I grew to be a big powerful fellow nine feet tall and weighing more than five tons!

Then one day, the jungle silence was broken by a strange noise that I had never heard before. It was not the familiar sound of wild animals. It was different, frightening. Soon I saw that the entire herd was being stampeded by hundreds of tiny, dark, two-legged creatures called men.

We tried to run away from the strange little hunters, but an elephant is so heavy he can't run. So we shuffled along as fast as we could all day and all night, but the relentless chase went on.

After nearly two weeks of trying to escape, I found myself herded inside of a big enclosure—with a high wall of heavy logs all around. I had been caught in a "khedda" or elephant roundup! For days, hundreds of our small captors milled around the stockade. They seemed to be looking over their prize catch. When they brought us all kinds of good things to eat, I knew they wanted to be friends.

During the next year, I was taught many new things. I learned to carry my own trainer or mahout on my back and to understand his commands. And he, in his turn, learned much about me. Because I



The domesticated Indian elephant is useful as a worker while the untamed African elephant is valued by man for his ivory tusks.

was a willing pupil, I was always rewarded with plenty of sugar cane to eat and a cool bath in the river every afternoon. It was a good life!

After a long period of training, I was taken back to my old home in the jungles. But this time I did not spend my time playing. I was a grown-up elephant. It was time for me to go to work.

Being the strongest animal on earth, I can lift logs weighing many thousands of pounds with my powerful trunk. So all day long I work in the Teak forests, hauling heavy timbers to the river—where they can be floated downstream to the sawmills many miles away. But I don't



mind. In fact, I enjoy my new way of life because I have learned the lesson of teamwork—man and animal working together to do a job that neither could do alone. It makes me proud to say I am an elephant!

illustrated by ANNE SIBERELL





Stories of the Story Tellers: *by Frank A. Reilly*

WASHINGTON IRVING

You know about Ichabod Crane, the gangling, gawky schoolmaster who was pumkined into immortality by the mysterious headless horseman. And you know about the curious Dutch settler, Rip Van Winkle, who slept for twenty years after sipping from the keg of an odd stranger in a wild ravine of the Catskill Mountains. These are two of the best-known characters in all American literature. But what do you know of the man who created them?

Washington Irving began his life the same year his country began hers. That was 1783, the year the Revolutionary War ended. He was

named for the father of the brave new nation.

At the age of ten, young Irving started a lifelong search for adventure. At first he roamed the streets and neighborhoods of the Battery, that southernmost tip of New York City where he was born. As he grew older he extended his explorations northward to the fields and farms of the Dutch settlers...with special interest in old abandoned houses which were supposed to be haunted. One time the lad confided: "Many nights when I had stayed out too late, I would slip quietly into our home through my bedroom window,

and pretend to be asleep when my mother looked in. But I wonder if I ever really fooled her."

One summer holiday, Washington wandered through a rustic region along the majestic Hudson River, and entered a tiny valley known as Sleepy Hollow. The people who lived there believed the place was under a spell, and they whispered stories of ghosts and haunted spots. The boy's imagination began to spin as he listened to a friendly farmer: "You know, son, some say the whole valley's under the spell of an old Indian chief...and others claim it's bewitched by an old Dutch doctor, one

of the first settlers...his ghost comes a'riding through the woods every evening at twilight...wearing a cocked hat...his coattails a'flapping."

The lure of distant places grew stronger within the lad when his parents sent him on a boat trip to Albany. "Later, reading of travels and voyages aroused in me a great desire to go to sea," said young Irving. "I wandered about the pierheads of Manhattan and watched the tall ships sail out of the harbor, bound for distant lands. With longing eyes I gazed away in my imagination to the ends of the earth."

In the spring of 1804, when he was 21, the young adventurer sailed for Europe. He believed the culture and knowledge of the old world had much to offer a young writer. For, by then, he knew he wanted to make a career of writing.

Washington Irving found Europe rich in the treasures of the ages. He marveled at the grandeur of Rome, the beauty of Paris, the dignity of London. He met the great writers of the day—Thomas Moore, national poet of Ireland, the exotic and adventurous Lord Byron and Scotland's own Sir Walter Scott. Encouraged and stimulated, the young traveler went to the quiet little town of Stratford-on-Avon, home of the immortal Shakespeare. There, at the Red Horse Inn, he wrote his *Sketch Book*, an account of his travels, views of old world customs and traditions and tales from his own imagination.

After many years of journeying and writing abroad, Washington Irving returned home to his beloved Hudson River valley at the age of 63. He spent his latter years writing a history of the great American for whom he was named, George Washington. This, he thought, would remain as his literary monument. He did not realize he had already erected his monument 30 years earlier.

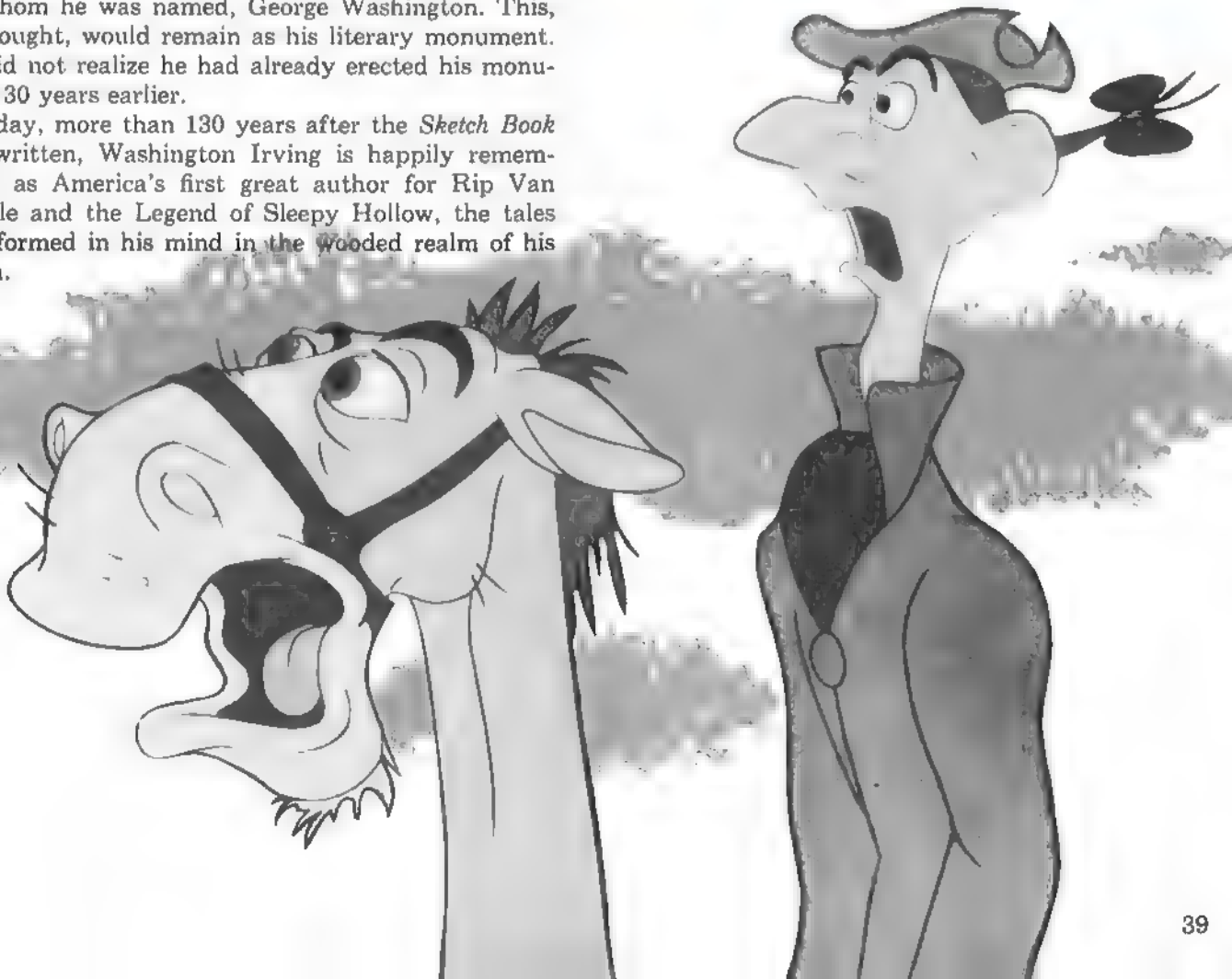
Today, more than 130 years after the *Sketch Book* was written, Washington Irving is happily remembered as America's first great author for *Rip Van Winkle* and the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, the tales that formed in his mind in the wooded realm of his youth.



Young Irving found a quiet valley called Sleepy Hollow.



Ichabod and his worn-out nag are pursued one haunted night through the forest by the Headless Horseman.





*Around the world
with Mickey Mouse:*

J A P A N

by George Nagata, Mickey Mouse Club Foreign Correspondent



My name ■ George Nagata. I'm an American, born in Los Angeles in 1943. A short time ago I had a chance to visit Japan, the land where my great grand-parents lived many years ago.

What a thrill it was, this trip to the homeland of my ancestors! When I got off the plane at Tokyo I was sure I was arriving in a

totally different world, unlike the familiar America I knew. Imagine my surprise at seeing the faces of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck smiling at me from the sign above a modern movie theater!

I made friends very quickly. Takada San and his

sister Moimie Chan were the first boy and girl I met. They were very gracious. They took me to their school, invited me to their large comfortable home in Kamakura, a suburb of Tokyo, and let me join them for holidays and family picnics.

At first, Takada San's home seemed strange to me. There were no chairs, since it is the custom to sit on the floor, and there were no beds. The family all slept on mats spread on the floor. But as my visit grew longer and I learned more about my Japanese friends, I realized that Takada and Moimie are very much like the boys and girls I know in America.

I'd like to tell you about the interests and pastimes of these Japanese children—not how different they are, but how closely they resemble our own.



Building boats is a boys' hobby the world over. Takada and his friends are skilled, accurate craftsmen. When their models touch the water they balance perfectly and sail straight and true.



On a hike through the farming districts, Takada and I see girls as well as boys help with the planting and harvesting. Rice is perhaps the largest crop, but the Japanese also grow barley, wheat, fruit and, of course, the tender young bamboo shoots which find their way into many dishes, from soups to desserts.

A haircut for Takada's young brother turns out to be quite a ceremony. His mother holds the baby, as if to reassure him that he will come through the ordeal with both ears intact! But when it is all over, the youngster is proud of his close, cool crop.



The family celebrates a festival day with a picnic. Father has chosen the prettiest spot in the park for luncheon, and Takada and Moimie are just itching to get their chopsticks into the lunch boxes to see what delicious surprises are in store.



MICKEY'S MAILBOX



Here at the studio, we've had just stacks and stacks of mail from our Mouseketeer friends all over the country. We're so proud of all these letters that we decided to share some of them with you. Hope you enjoy them as much as we did. — M. Mouse

I would like to be pen pals with one of the Mouseketeers. I am 10 years old and like swimming, hiking and reading. I would especially like to write to Karen, because she is nearly the same age as I am. But if Karen can't write to me, please let me have Cubby's address.

Mary H.
Portland, Oregon

I have been taking ballet for three years, and some day I want to be a ballerina, like Doreen. Please let me have Doreen's address so I can write to her. I know she is very busy, so if she can't answer my letter it will be all right.

Louise C.
Brooklyn, New York

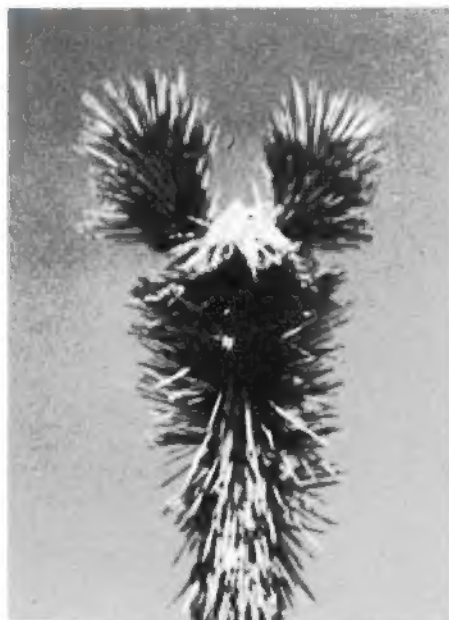
All the boys and girls who perform on the Mickey Mouse Club show would love to be able to write personal letters to everyone who has written to them. But the Mouseketeers are so busy with dancing and singing lessons and rehearsals, as well as their regular school, that if they tried to answer their letters they wouldn't have any time for fun or play. But they do want to thank you for your letters. It means a lot to them to know they have so many good friends. — M. Mouse

In October I am going to Los Angeles to visit my aunt. While I am there I would like to get tickets to see the Mickey Mouse Club show. Would you please send me two tickets to the show? Thank you.

Barbara G.
Kansas City, Mo.

We would love to send you tickets if the Mickey Mouse Club were a "live" show. But we produce it on film and we do not have an audience when we shoot it.

Thanks, anyway, for wanting to see us. — M. Mouse



Meeska, Mooseka, Mouseketeers,
Here's a tree with Mickey's ears! Young Joshua tree near Hidden Valley, Joshua Tree National Monument, California.

Paul and David S.
Altadena, California

My brothers and I watch the Mickey Mouse Club every day. We would like to know where the Triple R Ranch is and whether we could go there. We think Spin and Marty's adventures were the kind any boy would like to have. We would like to ride horses like Skyrocket and learn to rope.

David G.
Santa Barbara, Calif.

I'm afraid you and your brothers won't be able to spend your vacation at the Triple R Ranch, because it is not open to the public. It is a privately owned ranch that we had the very good fortune of using for the setting of Spin and Marty. — M. Mouse

All the fellows and girls in our class liked Spin and Marty a lot. Will there be any more Spin and Marty on the Mickey Mouse Club next year? Maybe you could have them come back to the Triple R again and Marty could be a good guy from the beginning and they could catch some bank robbers.

John J.
Chicago, Illinois

Right now, the plans are to have more adventures with Spin and Marty. We don't know yet what these adventures will be. We'll have to wait and see. — M. Mouse

The girls in my class are starting a Mickey Mouse Club. I have been elected secretary of the club, so I want to know where we can get caps like the television Mouseketeers wear. Could you please tell us something our Mickey Mouse Club can do? We all watch the television program every day.

Jeanne C.
Troy, New York

Most of the big department stores and many smaller children's stores and toy stores have Mousecaps for sale. One of the best things the members of your club can do is remember the words from the Mousekatune: "The talents given to you and me we must develop faithfully so we can be good Mouseketeers." Remember, everybody has a talent. Some people can't sing or dance, but they might have a talent for making other people happy. Maybe that's the best kind. — M. Mouse

ANSWER TO THE MICKEY MOUSE CLUB "ON YOUR TOES" PUZZLE

The Mouseketeers are on television five days a week. Monday is Fun With Music Day. Then comes Guest Star Day, followed by Anything Can Happen Day, Circus Day and Talent Round-up Day. Mickey and Jimmie run the show.



Tommy and Cubby learn from the Indians.



Karen and her movie sister ride in the covered wagon.

MOUSEKETEERS IN BUCKSKIN

When Walt Disney decided to make a new movie called *Westward Ho The Wagons!* with Fess Parker of Davy Crockett fame as the star, there were a number of parts for children.

What could be more natural than to call on the Mouseketeers? Tests were made and Karen Pendleton, Doreen Tracey, Cubby O'Brien and Tommy Cole were chosen. An important role went to David Stollery (Marty in *Spin and Marty*), and Brand Stirling who was in the TV serial was also given a part.

The picture was made at beautiful Conejo Ranch near Thousand Oaks, California. The young people all liked the bus ride to location every day because they all sang Mouseketeer songs. After school (three hours a day in the bus) they went horseback riding when they had time off.

They wore clothes like the children of 1844 who braved the dangers of the trip to Oregon in covered wagons.

Karen found herself in an exciting part in the movie: the Indians, fascinated by her yellow hair, wanted to take her home with them!

"I enjoyed wearing my costumes," she says, "but I couldn't get used to the high-top button shoes—they had 24 buttons! My most thrilling experience was my fast ride in the covered wagon down a mountain with my movie sister Laura (Kathleen Crowley). And when rehearsing the dance it was a thrill to get to dance with Fess Parker, the star, who plays Dr. John. It was fun working with the Indians, too."

Doreen thought being in the picture was like a vacation.

"Most of all," she says, "I liked riding the horses. The head wrangler let me ride Pinto Pete bareback during the lunch hour. Mr. Beaudine, the



David Stollery as Dan, Karen's brother.



Doreen finds a baby rabbit on location.

director, was fun to work for as he was full of jokes and called me 'Chlorine.' "

"The scene in the movie I liked best," reports Cubby, "is where I danced with my dog, Whitey, around the campfire. Whitey got excited and accidentally nipped me on the leg."

Some of the trick ropers taught Cubby and the others some of the twirls. Cubby's big moment was when he rode on the head of a real, live buffalo.

"One of our best pastimes," says Tommy, "was making kites and flying them. One of the men who showed us how helped us get one kite up 1,000 yards. To do this we used strong thread instead of string. We also did a lot of hiking and found, among other things, a skunk!"

David Stollery (the "Marty" of TV fame) is Dan Thompson, Karen's

brother, in the new picture. His role calls for him to ride a beautiful white horse called Chieftain.

"On location," he says, "we found caves and beautiful rocks. Mr. Beaudine, the director, called me 'The Naturalist' because I was always finding unusual plants to bring home for our garden. Once it was cat-tails. One day I found some white markings and discovered some fine fossil shell specimens. One was a spiral shell 2½ inches long and in perfect condition. We saw field mice, hawks, wild canaries, bluebirds and blackbirds, the biggest I've ever seen."

Like youngsters should, the Mouseketeers and the other young actors all loved the wonderful country, the Indians, the western men, the dogs, horses and cattle, and, they all report, "the marvelous meals at lunchtime."

talent roundup

*Here's a very special rodeo cowboy!
Want to learn how to make one like him?
Read Mickey's message on page 2!*



Mousekatune

VERSE:

Saddle your pony, here we go
Down to the talent rodeo.
Gather up Susie, Jack and Joe,
Join the talent roundup.

CHORUS:

Round 'em up! Bring 'em in!
Ev'rybody's sure to win!
Step right up! Here we go!
Oh, what a rodeo!

VERSE:

Bring along Dinah, Bob and Bill,
Ask ev'rybody on the hill.
We're gonna have a great big thrill,
Join the talent roundup.

VERSE:

Bring along Mary, Jim and Moe,
Ask ev'rybody you may know,
We're gonna have a great big show,
Join the talent roundup.

Step right up! Step right up!
Here we go! Here we go!
Join the roundup rodeo!

Words by Gil George. Music by George Bruns.

